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New Republic

JUNE 21, 1948

JUN 1 1948

THE MEN BEHIND THE GOP

SPECIAL REPORT ON LEADING CANDIDATES AND THEIR FRIENDS

TRAVELING WITH TRUMAN
By NORMAN GRIESER

15¢

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE 21, 1948

5 The Week:
6 Private v. Public Power
7 Monopoly Wins a Round
9 Israel's Economic Outlook
11 Henry Wallace's Column
12 Boys in Smoke-Filled Room
14 Republican Candidates
19 Truman Train
22 Books
26 Music
27 Radio
28 Theatre
30 Movies

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WASHINGTON WIRE

On the Truman Special Train

As THIS presidential special rolls through the West, something is happening to Harry Truman. The nice little man, who happens to be President of the United States, has suddenly been inspired to act like Harry Truman, the fighting candidate for renomination.

Several thousand miles back, in Chicago and Omaha, his speeches read well. As read by Harry Truman, however, the words fell flat. He huffed and he puffed. He hurried and he stumbled.

The single British correspondent on board brought the subject up one morning in the dining car. "He rushes his words," the Britisher said. "Someone ought to tell him to slow down."

Clark Clifford, presidential adviser, was sitting across the aisle having ham and eggs. "Churchill had the same trouble for a while," the British correspondent went on, "but he learned. Winnie's speeches are always typed out—oversize, with plenty of space," he continued.

"They're not written in sentences and paragraphs, like ordinary copy, but phrase by phrase. On one line, perhaps, there'll be only two or three words. The spacing from the margin is unusual, too. Depending upon the cadence, a phrase may be typed to begin halfway across the page, or far over to the right. That way," he remembered, "a page of his speech looks like a sheet of music. The way he reads the words, they sound like music too."

Harry Truman wasn't getting that kind of preparation and help from his White House party of advisers. But I cocked an eye across the aisle to see that Clark Clifford was listening.

"I remember," the Britisher went on, "when we once wrote a BBC speech for Herbert Morrison. When he read it for a trial rehearsal, we noticed that his 's's' were whistling. Herbert had just been outfitted with a new dental plate and his uppers were loose.

"Several of us went through that speech and sentence by sentence took out every word with an 's.' There wasn't a solitary whistle out of Herbie on the air that night."

Your modest correspondent nonchalantly points out that, if you listened on the radio to President Truman's speech at the University of California, you probably heard his defense of his policies with regard to the Soviet Union delivered in slow, measured tones.

By slowing down the pace of his sentences, Harry Truman has speeded up his campaign for renomination. Here in unruly California there has been little of the sloppy political handling that dogged the first miles of this 7,000-mile trip. Truman is seeing everybody important and, to them, Truman is talking fast. But on the platform and over the radio, Truman is talking slow.

The President is undoubtedly more optimistic about his chance of winning the election next fall than he was before he started this trip. He is suffering from Candidate's Disease—the assumption that because people come to hear you, and applaud your appearance, they will vote for you in the fall.

To be sure, his stock has probably gone up a little recently. Elmo Roper said in a broadcast on June 13 that 22 percent of the people will vote for Truman no matter who is the Republican candidate, and that 19 percent are diehard Republicans. If Truman and Vandenberg were the opposing candidates, Truman would get 37 percent, Vandenberg 35. Figures like these must confirm the President's bullheaded notion that he knows more about the political situation than all his advisers combined.

T. R. B.

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★ A-BOMBS
★ CANCER

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 25, ISSUE 1751, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 21, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

THE DRAFT DOOR OPENS

The way is now clear for a peacetime draft. The vast majority (78-10) by which the Senate finally voted to reëstablish Selective Service shook most of the fence-sitters in the House over to the pro-conscription side.

The strategy of those who have been fighting against passage of selective-service legislation has been based on holding the bill in the Rules Committee and preventing a vote on the measure by the full House. Until last week's Senate vote, the House Rules Committee had lined up seven to five against reporting out the selective-service bill each time there had been a showdown.

After Taft and the whole Republican leadership in the Senate went so conclusively on the record for the draft, however, Rules Committee members like Representative Clarence Brown (R, Ohio), Taft's campaign manager, decided the time had come to shift. Even Speaker Joe Martin, who was tempted to use the draft issue—as he had used the ECA—to build an individual record, decided that the GOP would be unwise to run the risk of appearing before the voters between now and November with nothing at all to show in the way of a military-preparedness program.

TABER'S STATESMANSHIP

The fate of the ECA and a new policy for Germany have become entangled in the pre-convention skirmishes of a Republican Party which seems bent on demonstrating incapacity to exercise the authority it so confidently expects to hold after November. Only in the testimony of Senator Vandenberg before the Senate Appropriations Committee was there even a mildly hopeful sign. Excoriating the "meat-axe technique" used by the House in cutting ECA appropriations, he argued "that any such cynical reversal would be a major policy decision."

The cynicism of the anti-ECA forces was documented by Representative John Taber (R, N. Y.), who ignored the carefully proved case for aiding world recovery and brought the argument right back down to the election-year gutter. He also recommended that, "Instead of sending the ERP nations $327 million worth of steel, of which we ourselves are short, we should plan to get German steel production up to one million tons a month."

Naturally, Taber's words aroused new anxieties in Paris during debate on the Six Power Pact for control of western Germany and the Ruhr. His pro-German blast was dangerous news to send to the French, already worried by US policy as expressed in the accord.

Under the agreement, control of the rich, industrial Ruhr passes to an international authority on which the US, Britain and France have three votes each, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and the three zones of western Germany one vote each. So the votes of the German delegates who are to be chosen by the Allied military commanders will become decisive. By the arrangement, the French believe, the US and Britain will be able to step up the speed of German rebuilding.

For General Clay this system is a victory over the State Department. His primary objective has been to put Germany on a self-supporting basis regardless of how that would fit into general European recovery plans. The State Department, on the other hand, has advocated the political and eco-

The True Voice of America

TIDE MAGAZINE reports that about 55 million copies of *True Story* were sold last year in seven foreign countries—Sweden, Australia, Argentina, France, Mexico, Great Britain and Switzerland. Some of these editions get to other countries, the French one, for example, to Belgium, the French colonies and the Middle East. Moreover, new editions are to be issued in Italy and Holland. Another five million copies of three other Macfadden monthlies, *True Romances*, *Super Detective* and *Photoplay*, also were sold last year in Great Britain, France and Australia.

It's nice to know that while the "Voice of America" is being kicked around by Congress, these so-typical publications are taking up the slack in giving the rest of the world "the truth" about the US.

Highway Nail Snatchers

A HAPPY LAND where nobody ever has a puncture is forecast in a report from the American Public Works Association that a number of states are snatching "tramp iron" off the highways by means of mobile electromagnets.

North Dakota's magnetic highway cleaner, for example, swept up 1,038 miles of road last year, collecting 11.16 pounds of metal per mile, mostly nails, and averting an unestimated number of nervous fits, sore backs and possibly more serious effects. Nebraska tidies up about 5,000 miles a year, and at the same time creates a new type of migratory worker. It equips its trucks with sleeping quarters and sends out the crews in the spring with instructions to follow the map and not come back till fall.

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nomic strengthening of the other Western nations before, or at least simultaneously with, the rebuilding of German industry.

Now, even if the ECA cuts are restored, European confidence in the stability of US policy has been severely shaken. If Vandenberg loses both in Congress and later at Philadelphia, then European confidence will get a mortal blow.

RICHMOND ELECTS NEGRO

The votes of several thousand white men helped elect a 41-year-old Negro lawyer, Oliver W. Hill, to the city council of Richmond, Virginia. He is the first Negro to serve on the governing body of the capital of the Confederacy since 1895.

A member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and a spokesman for the Negro in civil-rights court cases, Hill ran ninth in a 29-man field. He and another Negro leader, Amos Clark, organized a strong voters' movement among the Negroes who make up one-third of Richmond's population. By personal block-by-block canvassing, they built up a nucleus of 6,500 registered voters in Richmond, a record in a state that has an accumulative $1.50 poll tax. But some of the votes that put Hill into office came from all-white districts, and the *Times-Dispatch* said, "It is obvious that several thousand whites also voted for Hill."

VALLEY WORKERS STRIKING

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

A blight of unrest is spreading over California's lush farming heartland between the Sierra Nevada and the coastal mountains. Unscheduled, unorganized strikes are springing up among the field workers who harvest asparagus, cotton and other crops in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys where itinerant Okies struggled for survival a decade ago.

Asparagus-pickers, who crawl on their hands and knees seven days a week, have gone on strike in the Sacramento region, producer of 90 percent of the nation's asparagus. Chief grievance is the "holdback," which prevents a picker from collecting all his wages until the season ends—a feudal device for tying workers to their jobs.

A good picker may make $800 in a 110-day asparagus season, provided he gets his holdback bonus, but that's not much in a time of rising living costs. And the pickers' wage scale hasn't been increased since 1942. As soon as the pickers, mostly unnaturalized Filipinos, went on strike the growers evicted them from their company-owned shacks on 30 minutes' notice. County anti-picketing ordinances were invoked to prevent the publicizing of their plight. Officials of the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers (CIO) tried to get word to other unions by sound trucks, but a sheriff impounded their equipment on the ground they "might create a disturbance."

In nearby Stockton, which vividly remembers the bitter, costly lettuce-workers' strike of ten years ago, a Citizens' Fact Finding Committee has been formed to settle the dispute, already more than three weeks old. But the asparagus season is almost over and the pickers will soon plod on to ripening tomato fields, the wage issue still unresolved.

Similar conditions exist elsewhere in the valleys. Around Fresno, cotton-choppers are on strike against wages that have dropped below an hourly 85 cents compared with their wartime $1.50. Farther south the AFL Farm Labor Union is on strike against the DiGiorgio-Associated Farmer group of land operators over similar issues that have led to open violence.

DRAWING BY NEUWIRTH

Unfortunately the CIO and AFL unions are busily knifing each other in a fight for members while labor strength is drained away from the greater battle for better wages and working conditions.

As for the once tumultuous Okies, they have been pretty well assimilated into small stucco cottages on tiny farms or into jobs in farming-area cities, indistinguishable except for the drawling "you-alls" that Californians hardly notice any more.

READ THE FINE TYPE

The story of the GOP Congress and public power, which Harry Truman has been trying to tell the West in his own inimitably inarticulate way, is another example of how the majority in this Congress has appeared to meet public demand while actually serving special interests.

Last year the private-power lobbies tried to destroy public power by outright starvation. The Department of Interior asked $296 million for reclamation and power projects and got only $161.4 million from the House, a cut of some 44 percent.

Western congressmen of both parties were furious. Embarrassed Western Republicans joined Democrats in the Senate to restore the appropriation to $194.6 million. Deficiency appropriations later brought the total to $262.8 million.

This year the power interests, yearning for a Republican victory in November, determined to avoid last year's blunder. They thought up a new approach, saying to the government, in effect, "You make it, we'll sell it." Interior asked $460 million and got $375.7 million from the House. Republicans bragged loudly of the increase over last year. Their generosity will be proclaimed many times over in the West before election.

However, down in the fine type you find a flat prohibition on construction of any publicly owned transmission lines. Construction of production capacity is enlarged over last year, while

(Continued on page 8)

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MONOPOLY WINS A ROUND

A LONG FORWARD SHADOW is cast by a Supreme Court decision last week. A majority of five, whose spokesman was Mr. Justice Reed, has rendered a decision which opens the door dangerously to a further extension of monopolistic practices.

The case was one involving the purchase of the Consolidated Steel Corporation, a Pacific Coast organization, by the US Steel Company through its subsidiary, Columbia Steel. The Department of Justice sought to halt the purchase on the ground that it prevented competition and thereby violated the Sherman Act. Five Justices—Vinson, Burton, Reed, Jackson and Frankfurter—ruled that the purchase should be permitted. Justices Douglas, Black, Murphy and Rutledge dissented.

The majority took about 12,500 words to defend its position. The argument is reminiscent of the old excuse offered for the girl who had an illegitimate baby: it was true she had a baby, but it was such a little one. The Court went into minute detail about the various types of steel produced and sold by Big Steel, Consolidated and their competitors in the Pacific Coast area, and found that the purchase of Consolidated would not result in any "unreasonable" restraint. Referring to the fact that US Steel now owns the vast Geneva plant in Utah, the Court said: "Granting that the sale will to some extent affect competition, the acquisition of a firm outlet to absorb a portion of Geneva's rolled-steel production seems to reflect a normal business purpose rather than a scheme to circumvent the law."

Unfortunately, the Department of Justice, which opposed the merger, did not come into court with clean hands. It was Attorney General Clark who, only two years ago, approved the sale of the Geneva steel plant to the US Steel Company, to the consternation of the Anti-Trust Division. The Division feared that this sale itself helped to foster monopoly. The attorneys for Big Steel now argued that the purchase of Consolidated was needed to permit successful operation of Geneva, and the majority of the Court showed, as the quotation suggests, that it was much impressed by this contention.

The dissenting opinion, written by Mr. Justice Douglas, is in the historic tradition of the great dissents of Justices Holmes and Brandeis in the 1920's, so many of which foreshadowed the policy of the Court itself a decade later. Said Douglas:

This is the most important anti-trust case which has been before the Court in years. It is important because it reveals the way of growth of monopoly power—the precise phenomenon at which the Sherman Act was aimed.

Here we have the pattern of the evolution of the great trusts. Little independent units are gobbled up by big ones. At times the independent is driven to the wall and surrenders. At others any number of "sound business reasons" appear why the sale to or the merger with the trust should be made. If the acquisition were the result of predatory practices or restraints of trade, the trust could be required to disgorge. . . . But the impact on future competition and on the economy is the same as though the trust was built in more gentlemanly ways.

We have here the problem of bigness. Its lesson should by now have been burned into our memory by Brandeis. *The Curse of Bigness* shows how size can become a menace—both industrial and social. It can be an industrial menace because it creates gross inequalities against existing or putative competitors. It can be a social menace because of its control of prices.

Control of prices in the steel industry is powerful leverage on our economy. For the price of steel determines the price of hundreds of other articles. Our price level determines in large measure whether we have prosperity or depression—an economy of abundance or scarcity. Size in steel should therefore be jealously watched.

In final analysis, size in steel is the measure of the power of a handful of men over our economy. That power can be utilized with lightning speed. It can be benign or it can be dangerous. The philosophy of the Sherman Act is that it should not exist.

For all power tends to develop into a government in itself. Power that controls the economy should be in the hands of elected representatives of the people, not in the hands of an industrial oligarchy. Industrial power should be decentralized. It should be scattered into many hands so that the fortunes of the people will not be dependent on the whim or caprice, the political prejudices, the emotional stability of a few self-appointed men. The fact that they are not vicious men but respectable and social-minded is irrelevant. That is the philosophy and the command of the Sherman Act. . . .

However the acquisition may be rationalized, the effect is plain. It is a purchase for control, a purchase for control of a market for which United States Steel has in the past had to compete but which it no longer wants left to the uncertainties that competition in the West may engender. . . .

The majority opinion admits that the purchase of Consolidated by Big Steel constitutes "vertical integration," but says that "the extent of permissible integration must be governed, as other factors in Sherman Act violations, by the other circumstances of individual cases." On this point Douglas says:

We need not hold that vertical integration is per se unlawful in order to strike down what is accomplished here. The consequence of the deliberate, calculated purchase for purposes of control over this substantial share of the market [cannot] be avoided. . . . The monopoly of this substantial market for rolled-steel products is in itself an unreasonable restraint of trade under Section I of the Act. . . .

Approval of this acquisition . . . makes dim the prospects that the Western steel industry will be free from the control of the Eastern giants. United States Steel, now that it owns the Geneva plant, has over 51 percent of the rolled-steel or ingot capacity of the Pacific Coast area. This acquisition gives it unquestioned domination there and protects it against growth of the independents in that developing region. That alone is sufficient to condemn the purchase. Its serious impact on competition and the economy is emphasized when it is recalled that United States Steel has one-third of the rolled-steel production of the entire country. The least I can say is that a company that has that tremendous leverage on our economy is big enough.

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(Continued from page 6)
authorization to distribute the power is curtailed or denied. The Central Valley project in California was cut very little in total appropriation, but power may only be transmitted "to the nearest available market," that is, to the nearest Pacific Gas and Electric Company line. The Southwestern Power Administration may build no more transmission lines because the House says "organizations in the power business" should handle distribution. Private-power firms in the West have consistently maintained, in the face of glaring shortages, that they have the situation well in hand. The public-power marketing division was killed outright.

It is a slick formula—bigger appropriations in an election year, lots of cheap power generated at public expense, sold where generated to private utilities who will resell it for what the traffic will bear. Interior Secretary Krug estimates that consumers will pay from 15 to 38 percent more for electricity than if Interior had been allowed to complete its plans.

The power lobbies got in two more licks at the consumer, and the cause of public development of the nation's resources, in clauses which look innocent to the uninitiated. The House slipped in a provision that only 3,251 persons in the Bureau of Reclamation may be rated at CAF9 to P3 or higher. This is about the number in these classifications at present, and means that the able young men in the service will never get more than about $3,800 a year unless someone above them dies or retires. The result, of course, will be to drive the best career men into the arms of the private utilities.

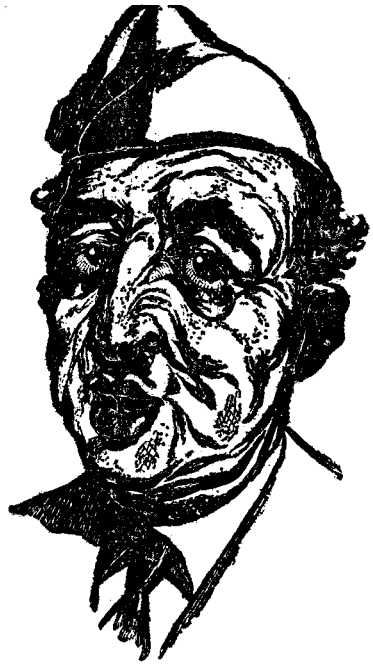
The second joker was a straight bill of attainder tacked on to an appropriation measure. It said that the Reclamation Commissioner and regional directors must have ten years of professional engineering experience. This will force the department to fire Commissioner Michael W. Straus and Central Valley Director Richard Boke. Straus is an administrator and Boke an economist whose crimes, in the eyes of the power and land-company lobbies, are their strict interpretation of the federal law against supplying public-irrigation facilities to landowners with more than 160 acres. The House Public Lands Committee has held numerous hearings on bills to kill this protection to the small farmer and every time has voted it down. So Representative Alfred J. Elliott (D, Calif.) and Senator Sheridan Downey (D, Calif.) decided to reverse long established US land and power policy in a money bill. This is, of course, quite illegal, as Secretary Krug pointed out.

The House bill is now before the Senate. Interior officials are hoping for the best.

FRANCO'S WORD OF HONOR

Joseph Boronat Recasens, a native of Barcelona, is a member of the moderate Catalan Democratic Party and a Catholic. He opposed Francisco Franco during Spain's civil war and lived in forced exile until recently, when he returned to his country under Franco's political amnesty.

Recasens knew the terms of that amnesty: immunity to all political exiles provided they had committed no war crimes; deportation if such crimes could be proved. This meant a hard life with no opportunity to resume his profession (Recasens had been a judge under the Republican government). His visa to return was granted from Madrid after months of investigation. He was assured that the government had nothing against him. He was passed by the officials at the Spanish-French frontier without serious question and finally arrived in Barcelona. He had no money and no future, but at least he was home.



DRAWING BY LEE AMES

Now the Republican Government in Exile reports that Recasens has been arrested, tried for crimes committed during the civil war and sentenced to death. It has asked UN Secretary General Trygve Lie to intervene. This was not an isolated case, said the exiled Republicans. Even if it could be proved that Recasens had committed war crimes, which was doubtful to say the least, the penalty was deportation, not death.

The UN has taken no action and probably won't; but Franco's government is sensitive to criticism from abroad and so Recasens' sentence has been commuted from death to imprisonment for an indefinite period. He is, of course, still in prison, amnesty or no.

FORD, 1949 MODEL

Old Henry Ford must be squirming in the grave. The 1949 models, by ukase of Grandson Henry II, are now priced at 8.7 percent over last year's figure, cost more than any of their competitors, and can't be had in the cheapest style for less than $1,370, delivered in New York, taxes included.

In 1939 a comparable model cost $750. In 1903, when the Ford theory of low prices through mass production was no more than a dream, the Ford car sold for only $850. In 1920 old Henry met a situation strikingly similar to what confronts his grandson by cutting down to $440 for the standard coupe. He explained: "Hanging on, in the hopes of getting higher prices, simply has delayed adjustment."

Labor waits to see whether young

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Ford, who has already broken the price line, will break the wage line, too. The contract with the UAW-CIO expires at the end of this month.

NO PRAYERS PERMITTED

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

Like three generations of his forebears, the Reverend Richard H. Bready is a successful Methodist preacher. Having been co-chairman of the Cumberland PCA, he journeyed last February to Baltimore from his Western Maryland circuit to offer the invocation at the founding convention of the Progressive Party of Maryland.

Shortly thereafter one of his four churches demanded that his preaching license be revoked, hinting he might be a Communist. Denying he had ever been a Communist, Bready suggested that the offering of prayer, even at a Wallace convention, was "a proper activity for a Christian minister." In a petition, members of his three other churches declared Bready to be "a most loyal citizen."

Nevertheless, Bready was omitted from the new list of preaching appointments and his charge assigned to another man.

PEACE IN THE MINES?

Mine operators for the first time have offered John L. Lewis a specific pension system for miners. Thus, the mine workers' boss has come closer to his most cherished objective: to start spending money for pensions, sickness and death benefits from the $40 million piled up in the 1947 miners' welfare fund through 10-cent tonnage royalties on coal production.

Previously Lewis and Senator Styles Bridges (R, N. H.), neutral trustee of the welfare fund, had approved a pension system calling for $100 monthly payments to retired miners 62 years of age after 20 years of service. Pensions would go to miners retired since May 29, 1946—date of the agreement signed by Lewis and Secretary of Interior J. A. Krug which established the principle of a welfare fund.

The operators' offer would grant

Israel Can Make-Do

ISRAEL is a vest-pocket country, but her physical smallness is no measure of her economic potential. Her main assets are increased agricultural and industrial production and a sound balance between industry and agriculture.

Israel produces most of her own food needs. But to use her land most profitably, she buys some wheat and corn abroad, devoting her agricultural production to the more valuable crops—citrus fruits, olives and wine grapes for export and for processing into exportable food products. Despite political uncertainties and constant war, Palestine expects to export 13 million cases of citrus fruits in 1948-49, three million more than last season.

Most of Palestine's industry is concentrated in Israel. Two-thirds of the factories are in Tel Aviv, the others largely in Haifa, Israel's main port. Expanding faster than the population increases, they produce most of the basic needs of the domestic market. In 1947, sales of electric current rose to 303 million kilowatt hours, 51 million more than in 1946. According to the Anglo-Palestine Bank, Ltd., building in Jewish districts amounted to 18,000 rooms completed in 1947; about an equal number are under construction, and there also was extensive commercial building.

Refined-oil products, potash, citrus fruits and olive oil made up the bulk of the export trade, which amounted to $98 million in 1946. During World War II a number of industries grew up to replace European production. Exports of cut diamonds reached $22 million in 1946, but this industry fell off sharply in 1947 because of world conditions. However, increases were made in other fields such as chemicals, pharmaceuticals and chocolate. Textile production also increased rapidly, and the country's growing light-metal and machine industries have found ready markets in the Middle East.

While Israel will ultimately be able to finance her own way, the immediate situation presents problems. The first, of course, is the effects of the war with the Arabs. This is a drain on Israel's manpower and money. Moreover, most of the country's power depends on oil from the refineries at Haifa. The Arabs have threatened to cut the pipelines from the Iraq wells, and the British have reduced the supply of oil, creating a serious fuel shortage. Hydroelectric power from the Jordan Valley, which crosses Arab territory to reach Israel, has also been cut.

A second factor is the problem of the European DP's whom Israel plans to absorb. The present program calls for receiving 400,000 Jewish immigrants from Europe during the next four years. The cost of settling them on the land, added to the capital requirements of an expanding economy, may come to as much as $500 million. Though perhaps $250 million can be raised within Israel and another $200 million obtained from private investment sources abroad, Israel is expected to seek loans from the Export-Import Bank, the World Bank, or from the US.

As evidence of the country's long-run solvency, economists point out that the Palestine Economic Corporation, a $5 million US investment company, pays a four-percent return on its capital over and above reserves and surplus accumulation. Moreover, Israel's budget, even with heavy military outlays, is still less than the annual $77 million the British collected from the Jews in taxes, customs and other revenue.

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pensions only to those 65 years of age or older, retiring after July 1, 1947, and would cut payments by making them supplement—to a $100 maximum—old-age benefits already due eligible miners under the federal social-security system. (The national social-security pension for veterans of all industries averages $25 a month.) Charles O'Neill, operators' spokesman, demanded an iron-clad no-strike, no-lockout agreement.

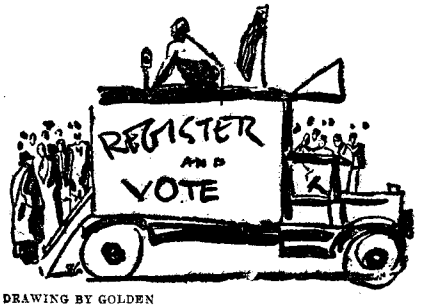
The operators offered no wage increase because, O'Neill said, coal miners are already the best-paid workers in the country. Lewis indicated in earlier negotiations that the miners would expect "some" wage increase. But activation of the 1947 welfare fund was so vital that he offered to keep the miners at work after June 30, pending negotiations of a new contract, if the operators would allow the Lewis-Bridges program to go into effect. Money from a fund built up under the 1946 contract will be exhausted by June 30, and 150,000 letters from rank-and-file miners have asked assistance from UMW headquarters. A specific pension proposal, plus a definite operators' offer for division of remaining welfare-fund millions among distress and accident cases, was a step forward.

So there seem to be two possibilities of peaceful settlement: an agreement compromising the separate operators' and Lewis' plans or a legal victory for the Lewis-Bridges program.

ILLINOIS BALLOT RULING

CHICAGO (NR correspondent)

Illinois and Cook County election officials have been directed by the Circuit Court to put the names of Progressive (Wallace) Party candidates for county and district offices upon the November ballot. The order pertains only to Cook County offices and to election districts lying wholly within the same county. It follows a recent state supreme court decision that the New Party, whose candidates polled more than five percent of the vote cast in last November's judicial election, was entitled to legal status.



DRAWING BY GOLDEN

The supreme court gave its decision but a few days before the April primary; too late, election officials contended, for the Progressives to have a primary of their own.

The party's candidates for President, Senator, Governor and other statewide offices still can be put on the November ballot only by petition. Final authority for acceptance of the statewide petitions, however, is vested in a commission composed of three state officials, two of whom are Republicans. It is likely those petitions will be accepted by a two-to-three vote.

NO CHEERS FOR HARRY

Democrats in two more states have completed their formal pre-convention maneuvers and have demonstrated their total apathy to the leader of their party.

Both liberals and professional politicians in the Connecticut State Democratic Convention were well satisfied to send an unpledged delegation to Philadelphia. Neither group wanted Truman. Both were able, before the convention began, to agree on the uninstructed delegation as a compromise measure.

On the convention floor itself, all was harmony. The Connecticut State Chapter of the ADA operated an impressive "Douglas-for President" headquarters and distributed buttons and circulars on his behalf. But no resolution favoring Douglas was introduced, nor was his name mentioned on the convention floor. Harry Truman's name was mentioned only twice, and the best his Administration could get from the convention was a mild resolution of praise for certain liberal stands. However, if he runs, Connecticut's delegation will support him.

One result of this convention was a new top party boss for the state. Democratic State Chairman John Bailey of Hartford, a brilliant young manipulator, was able to effect a new statewide alliance which sidetracks Senator Brien McMahon as the state party power. This will in no way affect McMahon's renomination in 1950, but Bailey and his allies will now be running the show in Connecticut themselves and not by dictation from McMahon.

Minnesota Republicans have won the November election without lifting a finger. Their opponents have staged the sorry spectacle of two Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party state conventions in two days' time, in which the antagonists seemed to forget that Senator Joe Ball is vulnerable this year. Instead, the left and right wings of the D-F-L Party seem to have knocked each other out.

The two conventions—the right wing, led by Minneapolis Mayor Hubert Humphrey, met at Brainerd, while the pro-Wallace delegates started their own convention in Minneapolis—finally ripped apart the Fusion Party which came into existence only four years ago. Legal battles for control of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor name are certain. But this does not do much to help the bewildered voter who would simply like to consolidate all the possible strength in a single blow aimed at the state's Republican machine.

On only two decisions was there any accord. Both conventions endorsed Representative John A. Blatnik from the Iron Range. Both refused to endorse President Truman for re-election.

The Republican candidates for the United States Senate, for Governor, and for several congressional seats will now enjoy the advantage of a split vote against them. Mayor Humphrey, right-wing, and James M. Shields, left, will run against Ball for the Senate. Three months ago, a public-opinion poll published in the Minneapolis *Tribune* showed that Humphrey could lick Ball, but his chances today are probably much less.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Wheat and Peace

IN THESE DAYS when the value of the UN is so seriously questioned, it is encouraging to have an occasional gleam of light. One such gleam is the International Wheat Agreement recently adopted by the representatives of 36 nations.

This agreement, the subject of recent hearings before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee, has much of hope for the future. If order can be brought into the international wheat market, there may be a chance to control many of the other international economic problems which lead toward tension and ultimately toward war.

I first became strongly aware of the "one world" nature of the wheat problem about 20 years ago when a Russian agronomist called on me at the farm in Iowa to look over my corn-breeding work. This was before the big price drop, and he ventured the opinion that wheat would go down to 40 cents a bushel, which was less than half what it was then bringing. He based his statement on the fact that Russia was introducing combines and tractors in a big way and would soon be putting cheap wheat on the world market.

He was nearer right in sizing up the future of the international wheat situation than was the lamented Republican-inspired Farm Board, which tried to support the price of wheat by buying it on the open market with inadequate funds. In spite of Farm Board buying, prices fell until they were only one-third what they had been a few years previously.

Part of the trouble was due to the efforts of France, Italy and Germany to get ready for World War II by raising their own wheat, behind newly imposed high-tariff walls. As a result of Europe's drive for self-sufficiency, the volume of wheat moving in world trade was cut down by several hundred million bushels and was finally only a little over half the former figure. Nevertheless the US, Canada, Australia and Argentina insisted on producing as much as they had before. And Russian wheat, which had been an important factor in the world market prior to World War I, suddenly came back on the market in 1930.

Prices crashed and there was serious trouble in all the wheat-growing countries of the world, but especially in Argentina and the Balkan states. Then began the long series of international wheat conferences which, after 18 years, were finally brought to a successful conclusion by the agreement this spring.

While I would feel a lot safer about the long-time aspects of this agreement if Russia, Argentina and the Balkans were in it, I still want to congratulate Leslie Wheeler of the Department of Agriculture for his part in getting an agreement among 33 importing and three exporting nations in regard to the 500 million bushels of wheat moving annually from the US, Australia and Canada to the leading importers of the world. The US share of the world wheat trade is 185 million bushels, as compared with 230 million bushels for Canada and 85 million bushels for Australia.

Under the agreement, each of the importing nations promises to take its pro-rata share. For example, the United Kingdom agrees to take 179,930,000 bushels annually; France, 35,824,000; and Czechoslovakia, 1,102,000. In view of the present situation, it will be interesting to see whether Czechoslovakia remains as a signatory to the agreement.

Poland, which used to be an exporter of wheat, now appears as an importer and agrees to take a million bushels a year.

The other countries of Eastern Europe are not in the agreement. If Hungary and Rumania wish to market wheat in Western Europe they will have to find their own markets outside the agreement. England, for example, can purchase from Rumania if she wishes, but she can only do so provided she also carries out her agreement to purchase 180 million bushels annually from Canada, Australia and the US.

After August 1 of this year, the importing countries would be protected until August of 1953 against wheat prices higher than $2 a bushel at Fort William, Canada. The farmers are protected by the importing countries against prices of less than $1.50 a bushel at Fort William for 1948-49, and so on down until $1.10 is reached in 1952-53.

In other words, the importing countries have taken out a five-year term-insurance policy against inflation and excessively high prices. The exporting countries have taken out insurance against a price crash and excessively low prices. Only the future can reveal which got the better of the deal.

Looking beyond August, 1953, I would feel much safer, as I have said, if Russia, Argentina and the Balkan states were signatories. Sooner or later the world wheat agreement will have to be broadened to include Sir John Boyd Orr's concept of a worldwide ever-normal granary, adequately financed, to promote maximum security for the farmer, protection for the consumer, storage stocks against drought, and a plan to use surpluses to take care of the underprivileged. Yet the world wheat agreement lately achieved is good as far as it goes, and infinitely better than most of the international actions which the US has backed.

Henry A Wallace

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THE BOYS IN THE

IN the newsreel version of American politics the people's choice is nominated by spontaneous combustion generating in the mass of delegates. A more realistic view is that these decisions are made in the traditional smoke-filled room. The New Republic *presents some portraits of Republicans who can be expected to do the thinking for the party rank and file.*

Speaker Joe Martin represents at Philadelphia the state, county, ward and precinct workers who make up the ground floor of the Republican Party. The right to represent these people in high party councils has been won by Joe Martin the hard way—by working at party politics exclusively for some forty years.

During his 24 years in Congress he has made party regularity his lodestar. And by regularity he means unswerving standpatism. No liberal nonsense within his own party is tolerated by the Speaker, who, in running the House, freezes out maverick Republicans as relentlessly as he does Democrats.

Martin rules the House with the help of a tight little coterie which includes Charlie Halleck, Leo Allen (Ill.) and John Taber (N. Y.). Behind the scenes in the Republican convention he also wields considerable power. But one difference between Martin and some other convention wirepullers is that his first choice for the nomination is, frankly, himself.

Martin figures his long service to the Republican cause deserves the supreme reward this year.

His voting record is even more consistently against social progress than Taft's. Lacking the intellectual apparatus that sometimes impels Taft to come out for mildly progressive measures in spite of himself, Martin looks like the safest man of all to the conservative wing of the party.

If a deadlock develops among the front-runners, Martin will be right there on the inside to speak for himself.

Governor James Duff, of Pennsylvania, is a rare bird—a genuinely independent politician with a key spot on the Republican convention floor. He was elected Governor over the opposition of the Pew-Grundy machine, which left him peculiarly free in a boss-ridden state.

Duff's 73-vote delegation will be the largest uncommitted bloc at Philadel-

phia, as long as New York's 97 stay true to Dewey. Duff likes neither Dewey nor Taft, considering both too isolationist and conservative. His beliefs lead him to support Senator Vandenberg as the man whose principles are closest to his own. However, if a candidate like Vandenberg should cancel himself out, Duff might swing to Governor Earl Warren of California, whose emissaries have been busy in Pennsylvania.

Whatever else the Pennsylvania delegation does this time, you can be sure it will not repeat its *faux pas* of 1940. Then it was absent from the floor when the Willkie flood burst.

John W. Hanes, like most bankers in politics, will be far less familiar to delegates than the countless office-holders who won't have nearly so much to say about the choice of the nominee. Hanes is powerful in the Republican Party as a spokesman for the House of Morgan.

The big international banking firms are more interested this year in getting a "good" nominee than at any time for a decade. With the ECA to help foreign trade, and tax relief to leave greater profits at home, business looks pretty good. And the next occupant of the White House might make it even better.

In banking circles the Morgan firm is considered liberal, meaning that it is internationalist rather than nationalist and that it recognizes the necessity of gradual social change to keep the old capitalist system plugging along its profitable way. Such liberalism requires a candidate more world-minded than Taft and more twentieth-century than Martin.

So Hanes has spent the past year drumming up support, financial and otherwise, for Harold Stassen. Hanes has a lot of connections that make him a valuable asset to any candidate. He is chairman of the finance committee of the Hearst Corporation, a director of the United States Lines and of Pan American Airways. His family, along with the Reynoldses and the Dukes, runs North Carolina.

Hanes stuck with Stassen until the Oregon primary. Then he and some of his purse-heavy cohorts switched to Dewey, apparently deciding that Stassen, after all, didn't have what it takes to get elected.

Charles Halleck of Indiana has earned a right to sit in the Republicans' smoke-filled room by hard work above all. That hard work has been exclusively for the Republican Party in the last 20 years. So Halleck, Majority Leader of the House, will be thinking of his party's interests rather than the interests of any particular candidate when the time comes to choose.

Among Halleck's loyalties there are two men, however, who come right

after his allegiance to the party. They are Tom Dewey and Joe Martin.

Halleck campaigned tirelessly for Dewey in '44, and then Dewey helped

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Halleck get elected Majority Leader in 1946. His Dewey ties are strong but not intimate.

Intimacy is reserved for Joe Martin, who, by most indications, would be Halleck's first choice. For one thing, Halleck might succeed to the speakership if Martin were elected President. Both of them are sidekicks of the multi-millionaire Sun Oil Company chief, Joseph N. Pew Jr., who can be counted on for generous campaign contributions to any Republican cause in bad years as well as good.

As a Republican leader in Congress since the dark New Deal days of 1935, Halleck knows all the top Republicans.

Conceivably Halleck himself could get second place on the GOP ticket if, for instance, an Eastern nominee needed Midwestern support to balance his ticket. But most people believe the talent is too plentiful for Halleck this year. In '52 his chances will be better.

Herbert Brownell Jr. goes to Philadelphia as chief strategist for Dewey. The association dates back to 1931, when Brownell ran unsuccessfully for Republican State Assemblyman in the 10th A. D. in Manhattan. Dewey, a young lawyer with political ambitions, managed his campaign. In 1932 Brownell was elected, and from then until 1937 he sponsored the bills in Albany which Dewey needed for his racket-busting in New York.

DRAWINGS BY LEO HERSHFIELD

Brownell quit the legislature in 1937 to spend more time at his law business, but he kept up his contacts in politics. He became counsel for the New York Republican State Committee in 1940. When Dewey ran for Governor in 1942, Brownell managed his campaign. Dewey admired the cold intelligence, imperturbability and dogged determination of the man who steered him to his first big success. In 1944 Dewey confounded the machine men by picking Brownell to handle his national effort.

After the 1944 fiasco, Brownell stayed on as chairman of the Republican National Committee, despite grumblings of many GOP Midwesterners, who found him colorless, overly precise and unresponsive. He picked up the pieces, revamped the GOP machine after careful study of PAC methods, and never lost his faith in the party's eventual triumph.

Dwight H. Green, Governor of Illinois and convention keynoter, will speak for Colonel Robert R. McCormick, irascible publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* who seldom picks a winner.

Dwight Green comes to Philadelphia armed with personal ambition and orders from McCormick to work for the most isolationist, reactionary old guardsman that has any chance of nomination.

Like most so-called favorite sons, Green hopes to come out of the next election with at least a cabinet office, preferably that of Attorney General. Naturally he would rather have something better; he would also settle for less.

But Green's mentor has a good deal more on the ball than the Governor. Through the lean Democratic years, McCormick has been by all odds the most violent and consistent exponent of black Republicanism. In fact he is so radical that he has fallen out bitterly with Senator Vandenberg, an arch-internationalist on McCormick's books, and Governor Dewey, who is the doughty Colonel's idea of an Eastern bankers' boy.

For years McCormick, in company with the Hearst papers, has plugged for General MacArthur. When the Wisconsin primary returns came in, McCormick was only slightly less disappointed than the Japanese.

So the Colonel has turned, with many misgivings, to supporting Senator Taft. The misgivings arise from what McCormick considers Taft's dangerous adherence to such ideas as public housing and federal aid to health and education. But all things considered, McCormick thinks Taft is the best of the front-runners now.

Given a free choice, McCormick would prefer somebody like Bricker or a manageable dark horse. To back up his wishes he has the 56 votes of the Illinois delegation, considerable prestige within the party councils and the authority of "The World's Greatest Newspaper."

Representative Clarence Brown finds 1948 much the same as 1912 when he started attending Republican conventions as a young page for old Senator Jim Watson of Indiana. Then

Watson was floor manager for William Howard Taft. Now Clarence Brown is performing the same service for Taft's boy, Robert Alphonso.

In their turn, the Tafts sponsored Brown so faithfully that he has been reëlected to the House without interruption since 1939.

Privately, Brown does some complaining about Taft's "radicalism" on domestic legislation and, left to himself, would like to see Bricker nominated. But old loyalties are stronger than principles, so Clarence Brown has placed his 250-odd pounds squarely behind the candidacy of Taft.

In party councils where it would be unseemly for a candidate to speak for himself, Taft has given Brown power to represent him. The power, needless to say, goes only so far. If there are any big deals to be made, Clarence will have to revert to his pageboy role of 36 years ago.

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CANDIDATES AND FRIENDS

by Helen Fuller

TO DELEGATES who attended the 1920 Republican Convention, the GOP affair in Philadelphia next week probably will seem familiar. If the expected deadlock among the three leading candidates for the nomination develops, it will be the first time this has happened since the 1920 meeting selected Warren G. Harding.

Now, as in 1920, all three leading contenders seem determined to stay in the running until it is absolutely clear that they have no chance of winning. Senator Taft, Governor Dewey and Harold Stassen all have the deepest confidence in their chances. Taft and Dewey, knowing from past experience how it feels (1944 and 1940) to be frozen out in the early balloting, have sworn it won't happen to them again. Two months ago, Taft and Dewey made a private agreement to stand together to stop Stassen in the convention. But whether either will agree to step aside in favor of the other, remains to be seen. In 1920, General Leonard Wood and Governor Frank Lowden couldn't decide to get together until the Harding deal had already been made.

Now, as in 1920, if the big three fail to work out a deal to put one of them in, a little group of top men in the GOP will, after a few ballots, select the man who may be the next President of the United States.

Now, as then, the state of Pennsylvania may have more than its fair share to say about who is nominated.

Boies Penrose and Joe Grundy are credited by some historians with having had the final word on Harding's selection. Pennsylvania's present Governor, James H. Duff, as leader of one of the few large uninstructed delegations (73 votes), will be perhaps the most sought after figure in the convention this time.

The balloting for the presidential nomination is scheduled to begin Wednesday afternoon, the third day. Probably three or four ballots at most will be taken that day, as a test of strength among Dewey, Stassen and Taft. If the dopesters are right and none of the three is able to come close to the 548 votes needed to win, the convention will be adjourned for serious discussion on the next step.

In 1920 the "fifteen men in a smoke-filled room" took over at that kind of juncture. This time, the principals have spent a lot of effort to head off such a showdown, so desirable to dark-horse candidates.

The way seems open for another Harry Daugherty, an astute and intrepid manager with a seemingly unobjectionable candidate. Supporters of Senator Arthur Vandenberg and Speaker Joseph Martin, studying the tactics of the Ohioan who made Harding President, have done their best to follow Daugherty's basic principle in their own campaigns: Say nothing against any of the leading candidates, make friends with all sides, and get all the promises of second-choice votes that you can.

The Vandenberg and Martin forces both believe that Dewey, Taft and Stassen have already knocked one another out in their violent pre-convention clashes. They know that big money, which has as much, if not more, to say about what goes on inside the GOP today as it did in 1920, is well entrenched in the campaigns of all three of the leaders. But they believe the financial giants have no unbreakable ties to Dewey, Stassen or Taft and could be persuaded to accept another "reliable" man instead.

It is no secret that the men who have paid the party's bills during all the lean years want to be very sure that the party nominee this year is thoroughly sympathetic to their needs —freedom from "unreasonable" taxes at home, and vigorous protection of farflung investments abroad. Philadelphia will be full of potential Harry Daughertys, each trying to meet these specifications with a candidate of his own before any one of the big three can regroup the major forces and win.

The list of those who would have to be consulted on a 1948 compromise choice in order to ensure party harmony in the campaign to follow is so long that no ordinary-sized smoke-filled room would hold them. The full support of all three of the present leading candidates will be needed behind whoever is finally chosen, and Dewey, Taft and Stassen's representatives, therefore, are likely to be included in any important private sessions.

Senator Taft usually has insisted on handling his own affairs, but he has empowered his campaign manager, Representative Clarence Brown, to be his spokesman in all "deals" at Philadelphia. Herbert Brownell, the young Wall Street lawyer who has risen to political prominence with his old friend Tom Dewey, will fill the same role on behalf of the little Governor. If it is thought bad form for a principal to represent himself, Stassen will have to rely on a comparative unknown from his staff, perhaps Victor Johnston, former hotel press agent, or Warren Burger, St. Paul attorney.

Governors Duff of Pennsylvania (73 votes), Green of Illinois (56 votes) and Driscoll of New Jersey (35 votes) have assured themselves places at the conference table by refusing in advance to line up behind any of the favorites.

Respected National Committee members like Walter Hallanan of West Virginia and Harry Darby of Kansas seem certain to be consulted, not for the comparatively few votes they control directly, but because of the esteem in which they are held.

The Vice-Presidents-in-Charge-of-

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Politics for most of the major financial groups will be either inside the smoke-filled room in Philadelphia or within quick hailing distance. John W. Hanes, the renegade North Carolina Democrat who went from the Undersecretaryship of the Treasury under Roosevelt to support Wendell Willkie and later Dewey against Roosevelt, now seems to be serving as a sort of political-action director for the House of Morgan.

Representative Charlie Halleck has progressed from the status of just another young Hoosier congressman to being generally regarded as spokesman for the powerful Pew family of Pennsylvania. Recently, other extreme right-wing associates of Joe Pew's in the National Association of Manufacturers have also been taking their political business to Charlie Halleck. Halleck will have some powerful proxies in his vest pocket when the dealing starts at Philadelphia. The Pews and their good friends the Du Ponts of Delaware are thought to favor the ultra-safe old moss-back Joe Martin, but a considerable quantity of Pew money has flowed into Dewey coffers through contributions to the New York State Republican Finance Committee.

(As intra-party politicians the stature of such Warwicks as Halleck, Joe Martin and Clarence Brown, of Ohio, is unquestioned. As public servants they can be measured by the *New Republic's* congressional review, which shows Halleck voting against progress 56 times out of 64 chances in the past five years; Martin voting against 38 times out of 46, and Brown casting 33 votes against progress on 43 issues.)

The fact of the matter is that the moneyed men in the GOP would be reasonably well satisfied with any of the candidates who seem to have a chance today. Judging from their past contributions, the Rockefeller, Mellon, Pew and Du Pont interests would prefer Taft, Martin or Bricker to Vandenberg. J. P. Morgan and Company continues to be internationally minded, with more at stake in the European Recovery Program, and would prefer a candidate like Vandenberg who shares its views on America's role in world affairs—or, at the very least, one like Harold Stassen.

These are some of the forces that will be represented at the Republican showdown in Philadelphia. The men with the money will not have the whole say-so. The career politicians who have held the party together in the 16 years the GOP has been out of office will insist on their rights too. But money still talks loud in the Republican Party—louder than in the Democratic. It should be easier to understand what is going on behind the scenes at the Republican convention if one understands beforehand what financial forces provide the support required to make Dewey, Stassen and Taft leading contenders on the eve of the convention.

STASSEN

THERE MUST BE a well-worn copy of Frank Kent's book, *The Great Game of Politics,* close by the easy chair in Harold Stassen's library at home. Since it appeared in 1923, Stassen's career has followed almost to the letter Kent's prescription on how to get ahead in politics. Stassen's methodical progress from messenger boy for village politicians to Governor never varied from the cynical path of machine organization and patronage Kent had outlined.

Now, Stassen is in the last chapters of *The Great Game. . . ,* on how to get to be President. Chapters 38 and 39, dealing with "Hidden Moves" and "Rich Friends," tell how to get started:

> What is the first thing [the presidential aspirant] does when he begins to yearn seriously toward the presidency, and decides to make a try for it? The first thing he does is to gather around him not more than three or four friends and interest them in the idea. Such a man is always big enough, one way or the other, to have a few really influential intimates who can be counted upon to make his cause their own. Usually, no matter where the candidate lives, these friends are in New York, and, usually, they are men of wealth connected with the big financial interests of that city. . . . There is scarcely any man of presidential caliber who has served in any sort of high public office who has not made a friend of two among the men of millions who can be counted upon for financial support of the kind, for instance, given General Leonard Wood by Colonel Procter [Procter and Gamble] in the Wood campaign for the Republican presidential nomination of 1920.

There were more grain mills than soap works in Minnesota so, for his Colonel Procter, Stassen selected James Ford Bell and later Harry Bullis, who succeeded Bell as chairman of the Board of General Mills, Inc.

J. P. Morgan and Company was instrumental in the consolidation which created General Mills in 1928. The Board of Directors of General Mills today is made up largely of men who also hold important positions on the boards of Morgan companies. (James Ford Bell himself represents Morgan on the boards of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Pullman, Inc., in addition to General Mills. John Cowles, of the newspaper family, is a director of

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Morgan's General Electric Company as well as of General Mills.)

Stassen cultivated other big money besides General Mills in his home town. The Pillsbury and Crosby flour family also contributed cash and the Pillsburys provided valuable introductions to their New York business connections, notably the investment firm of Goldman Sachs and Company which had financed the Pillsburys' milling and underwear businesses. Jay Hormel, chairman of the Hormel meat-packing company; Edward B. Cosgrove, a director of the Pillsbury Company; Donald D. Davis, former director of General Mills and now president of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company, are among the dozens of influential Minnesotans who have kept the Stassen cause solvent over the many months of campaigning.

Stassen began early to use the Eastern calling cards he had received through Bell and Bullis. In 1940, the young Governor quickly convinced Tom Lamont and the Morgan partners that he was just what they had been looking for, a dynamic young floor leader to work for their candidate Wendell Willkie at the Republican Convention. History shows that Stassen did his job well.

When, on his return from war duty, Stassen became an open candidate for the 1948 nomination, one of his first moves was to renew his acquaintance with the wealthy New Yorkers who had raised the money for Willkie's campaigns. John W. Hanes and Morgan partner H. P. Davison persuaded other old Willkie men like William H. Vanderbilt, Jock Whitney and Ward Cheney (Cheney silks) to get behind the Stassen campaign seriously.

Hanes had run the financial end of both Willkie campaigns for the presidential nomination, but this time he handed over the active fund-raising for Stassen to Vanderbilt, the former Governor of Rhode Island and heir to part of the family railroad fortune.

The New York Stassen group has a useful ally in wealthy Jay Cooke IV of Philadelphia. Until he became associated with Stassen, Cooke had been known in Pennsylvania politics as a political partner of the very old-line Pew family.

Amos Jenkins Peaslee, a New York patent lawyer and one of the leading supporters of Stassen in the metropolitan district, also acts as a self-appointed Stassen missionary to New Jersey, where he lives. As a big contributor to the campaign funds of leading New Jersey Republicans in the past, Peaslee has used his position to try to line up second-choice votes for Stassen from the New Jersey convention delegation, in addition to his money-raising activities.

The connections of Stassen's original backers in Minneapolis reached West as well as East. Harry Bullis, John Pillsbury and other enthusiastic Stassen supporters are all interested in the Northwest Bancorporation, which owns 70 banks and trust companies in Minnesota and six adjoining states.

Stassen's big-time friends in New York and elsewhere undoubtedly get considerable pleasure from thinking of the important positions they will occupy when their man is in the White House. But his home-town backers are getting their money's worth as they go along. All the General Mills executives are active Stassenites. Harry Bullis' activities set the pace. Clearly they find it thrilling to be close to a real, live, presidential candidate. The main offices of General Mills, two blocks away from the Pillsbury Building where the elegant Stassen offices are located, could easily be mistaken for the Stassen headquarters. Young General Mills executives race back and forth shouting at each other the latest news on "Harold's" local victories. Even if Harold doesn't make it this time, they have had their fun—and he's still young.

DEWEY

TOM DEWEY did not have to work nearly so hard as Harold Stassen to establish his contacts with the "New York men of wealth." He had been in daily touch with their lawyers for years before he aspired to the governorship of New York. Since 1940 his successive campaigns have kept him necessarily close to the principal "men of wealth" themselves.

In 1942 when Dewey was elected Governor of New York State, the records show that he collected approximately $100,000 for his campaign. The largest family contribution came from the Guggenheims (American Smelting and Refining Company, Anaconda Copper). Roger Williams Straus, husband of Gladys Guggenheim and president of American Smelting and Refining, became vice-chairman of the Republican National Campaign Committee in 1944 in order to help his little friend Tom as much as possible.

Frank E. Gannett, the extreme reactionary from Rochester, has been a prominent Dewey backer from the first. His money has regularly gone into Dewey campaign funds since his own ill-fated candidacy for the presidency in 1940, and his contacts with farm leaders like Louis J. Taber of the National Grange and the dairy and grain men of upper New York State have helped bind the most well-to-do farm leaders to the Dewey cause.

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Ever since Dewey's accession to the New York governorship, the John D. Rockefeller family has been the largest contributor to the official Republican State Central Committee, heart of the Dewey organization.

Joseph N. Pew Jr. and his brother, J. Howard Pew, were, until recently, the second largest contributors to the New York State Republican Committee. The Pews in the past, in addition to helping Dewey directly, have contributed to Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government, and have allowed Editor Wheeler McMillen of the *Farm Journal,* which they own, to coöperate with Gannett in building Dewey's stock among the farmers.

Dewey grew close to Herbert Hoover through Hoover's old associate Hugh Gibson, a neighbor of Dewey's in Pawling, New York, where the Governor spends his leisure time. During the 1944 campaign, Hoover opened financial doors to Dewey whenever needed. And, perhaps more important in the long run, Dewey accepted Hoover's one-time protégé and trusted friend, John Foster Dulles, as his top adviser on international affairs.

It was understood in Wall Street and elsewhere that if Dewey were elected in 1944, Dulles would become his Secretary of State. This bred some extra Dewey sentiment among important clients of Sullivan and Cromwell, the large New York law firm in which Dulles and his brother, Allen W. Dulles, are partners.

Herbert Hoover has not appeared to be as enthusiastic about Dewey in 1948 as he was in 1944. This may be partly because his protégé, Bob Taft, who served as Hoover's assistant in the old War Food Administration, is high in the running this time. If Dewey should win the nomination, however, there is no reason to believe that Hoover would not stand ready to unlock the financial doors for him again.

In 1944, Dewey had important Illinois backing he is not likely to have this year. Werner W. Schroeder, influential lawyer, handled the Chicago end of the Dewey campaign and was active in Republican National Committee affairs under Dewey management after the election. This year Colonel McCormick is not for Dewey, and Schroeder won't be either.

Two of Dewey's three campaign managers are in a position to be of considerable help on finances as well as strategy. J. Russel Sprague, Republican National Committeeman from New York State and long-time boss of Nassau County, confines himself largely to political contacts. But Herbert Brownell Jr., of New York City, and Edwin F. Jaeckle, of Buffalo, the other two of the Dewey trio, are in touch with a good deal of big money through their law businesses. The other partners are well connected through directorships they hold in a variety of important banking houses. While the Morgan political errand boy, John Hanes, supported Dewey after his selection by the Republican convention in 1944, he has devoted most of the time since then to grooming Harold Stassen for the 1948 nomination.

The fact that Hanes has now shifted abruptly to Dewey since Stassen's fortunes began their sharp decline following the Oregon primary may be purely a matter of personal preference. If it represents a real shift in the Morgan political line, however, it could make a considerable difference in what happens at Philadelphia. The Morgans and their friends, the Vandenberg people say, are really out to effect a full financial alignment behind Vandenberg by persuading Governor Dewey to accept the second place on a Vandenberg ticket.

TAFT

ROBERT ALPHONSO TAFT could, if he wished, handle the matter of campaign expenses by writing a personal check to cover them. Taft's cousin and Cleveland manager, David Sinton Ingalls, partner in the powerful law firm of Squire, Saunders and Dempsey and husband of the Standard Oil heiress, Louise Harkness, could easily increase the size of the hefty checks he customarily contributes to Republican campaign funds too. But that is not the way things ever have been done in the Taft family, nor is it Taft's instinctive way of meeting the problem.

DRAWINGS BY SHARP

The wealthy men from Ohio who appear in "Who's Who in American Commerce and Industry" are better trained than their counterparts in most states. Their fathers and grandfathers before them learned that politics can be a sound investment. Mark Hanna's achievements in this field are still spoken of with respect.

In the Cincinnati area where Taft makes his home, old friends of the family and clients of his law firm, Taft, Stettinius and Hollister, help him finance his activities. Taft's partner, John Baker Hollister, is a director of Standard Brands, Inc., and the Fifth-Third Union Trust Company, among others. The Fleischmann family (Standard Brands) is among the most generous contributors in Ohio Republican circles. The president of the Fifth-Third Trust Company, John Jay Rowe, and his family are steady givers.

The blue-chip Procter and Gamble Company might contribute to the Ohio Republican organization as heavily as it does even if its board were not loaded with close friends of Taft.

Taft himself seems to have instilled

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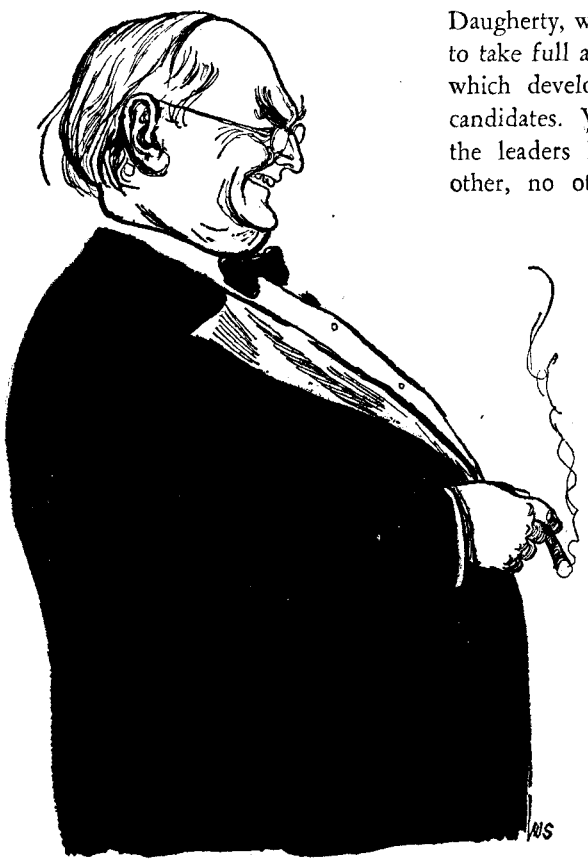
considerable political responsibility in the men with whom he serves on various boards of directors. The Covington and Cincinnati Bridge Company, of which Taft is a director and for which his law firm is general counsel, is his staunch political supporter. The Cincinnati Milling Machine Company and the LeBlonde Machine Tool Company, which are represented on the board of the Central Trust Company along with Taft, have developed into two of the most generous donors the Taft organization has in the state.

And so on and on.

Taft's direct relations with the big interests in northern Ohio have been handled by his cousin, David Ingalls. No political salesman could ask a better territory than his.

The members of the Cleveland group are reliable and generous givers to the state Republican organization over which Taft reigns. It did more than its share, in the early Roosevelt days, to organize and pay for the American Liberty League and groups like the Crusaders. It has been the backbone of the National Association of Manufacturers.



Two past presidents of the NAM, Charles R. Hook and Frederick C. Crawford, have been experimenting with a new technique for raising money for the Republican Party in the 1944 elections which may spread through NAM channels into other states. Following the example of the trade-union political-action committees, Hook and Crawford urged Ohio industrialists to spread the contributions expected of their companies among as many people as possible. Crawford carried this idea further than anyone else, raising for the 1944 fund $7,315 from 96 of his employees.

Bob Taft is just the kind of President the NAM and a majority of the bankers in the Republican Party would like to have. He is, however, as even they recognize, a poor vote-getter. The Ohio presidential primary indicated that organized labor would vote against him almost to a man. The ultra-conservative business leadership in the GOP wants to win this year as much as the party moderates do.

Warren G. Harding was nominated by the 1920 Republican National Convention because his manager, Harry Daugherty, was the only man prepared to take full advantage of the deadlock which developed among the leading candidates. When after four ballots the leaders had neutralized one another, no other candidate had anything like the store of "second choice" promises or general good will that Daugherty had amassed for Harding.

The convention galleries were packed with onlookers whooping it up for Herbert Hoover, but there was no parallel sentiment on the convention floor where it counted. National Republican Chairman Will Hays, Senator Philander Knox (Pa.), Jim Watson (Ind.), and Columbia University's Nicholas Murray Butler were passed over in favor of a man who had only his "availability" to recommend him.

Next week at Philadelphia, Republican politicians will be on guard to prevent some "unworthy" dark horse from walking off with their valuable nomination à la Harding. Since 1940, elaborate precautions have been devised to prevent a recurrence of the Wendell Willkie blitzkrieg. This year, the leading candidates fear a "smoke-filled room" much more than packed galleries shouting for their opponents.

Dewey, Taft and Stassen may have learned their party history so well that they will put aside their individual pride when the moment comes and decide among themselves who is to be the standard bearer. Failing that, one of them may, by skillful timing, become the king-maker, if not the king.

Either Stassen or Dewey, by swinging his support to Senator Vandenberg before a real deadlock had time to develop, might assure second place for himself and the nomination for Vandenberg without more ado. If Vandenberg should decide, before the voting begins, that he definitely does not want the nomination for himself, he too would appear to be in a position to settle the matter of the nomination without help from the "smoke-filled room." If Vandenberg then threw his support to Dewey, as most of his advisers think he would, those additional votes would probably put Dewey over.

Failing any of these combinations, the decision will probably revert to the powers in the party, organizational and financial, who will have to carry the load of the campaign that will follow. If they could be perfectly sure that Harry Truman would be the Democrats' nominee, both the professional politicians and the money men would probably select Taft, or Joe Martin, or even Bricker for first place on the Republican ticket. So long as there is so much as a whisper about Ike Eisenhower on the Democratic ticket, however, knowing Eisenhower's respect for Arthur Vandenberg, both groups are likely to think twice about passing the Senator by—if they can get him.

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PRESIDENTIAL SALES TRIP

Truman goes to the country and finds it friendly but unenthusiastic. America seems apathetic toward politics and politicians **by Norman Grieser**

CLIMBING ABOARD President Truman's special train on a rainy Thursday night in Washington, the first thing I saw was a Pullman advertisement posted at one end of my car. "I'm on a sales trip," it read,"—got to make every minute count."

With the national conventions only weeks away, a hostile Congress that started tinkering with ERP appropriations, the Democratic Party muttering about Douglas and Eisenhower and occasionally erupting "Dump Truman," the words on the Pullman placard seemed prophetic. The little man from Missouri, who had got the vice-presidency on Franklin Roosevelt's popularity and had been ushered into the most powerful position in the world by the grim, non-partisan hand of death, was beginning the most important sales trip of his life.

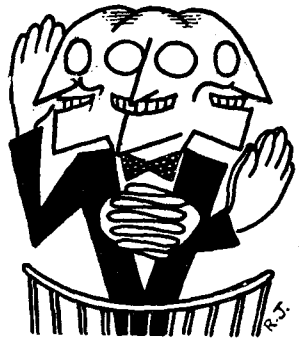
Harry Truman seemed well cut out for the role of salesman. His grin for the photographers was natural and happy. As always, his blue suit was neat and carefully pressed. Except for his gestures, which are a little stiff, you might call him dapper. I found myself unconsciously waiting for him to say: "Furniture, Madame? That's on the third floor, just beyond the toy department."

As he began his twenty-state tour, the President was tanned, a little heavier than I had expected, and had lots of bounce. I was surprised by his face, which lacks the owlish, blinking vacuity that newsreel and newspaper photographs give it. The lines seem to etch the decisions and problems which undoubtedly have kept him tossing, gnawed by self-doubts, during many sleepless nights. On the surafce, however, he bubbled with confidence.

The President's train looked like any other you might see in any Union Station. His special car was the same dirty Pullman green. The wheels and carriages were newly painted with what seemed surplus OD paint. If it weren't for the bronze presidential seal at the rear and the loudspeakers on the roof, you would have passed it without a glance.

Through the bullet-proof windows I noticed a bowl of fruit, and gladiolas in a vase. The walls of one section were a pale mustard yellow, set off by dark green drapes. There were Secret Service men all around, but once they had checked your name on the official list and noted your face and the round white tag with the blue presidential seal worn in the buttonhole throughout the trip, the guards were unobtrusive.

Aboard the 16-car train were some 65 newspapermen, photographers and other journalists. Larger than the entourage which regularly accompanied FDR, the party included four foreign newsmen, two Chinese, one French and one British. Old-time White House correspondents tended to play down the importance of the trip. "The only way to get news out of this is to have Harry announce that he is giving the atom bomb to Israel," one of them said. But beneath their surface indifference lay the drama of the question that hangs over the President's trip.



The press car, a made-over dining car with long narrow tables along each side, was labeled, with that singular inappropriateness that seems to curse all Pullman names, the "Andrew W. Mellon."

As the train moved, the news-service men nervously sucked their thumbs and pounded out leads, adds, second leads and inserts to their stories. Charlie Ross, sad-faced presidential press secretary, passed out mimeographed copies of the President's speeches usually twelve hours in advance. Ross consulted two watches, one with White House time and the other with the time of the particular zone the train was in, and still looked puzzled.

Sometimes the system of writing "advance" stories backfired, as at Omaha, where on Sunday the *World-Herald* carried a front-page story which read: "Before an estimated ten thousand persons at the Ak Sar Ben Coliseum, the President said. . . ." The biggest political development on the trip up to then was the fact that fewer than two thousand persons turned out to see and hear the President in Omaha.

With the exception of important stops and major speeches, the mechanics of railroad operation seemed to determine the stops the presidential train made as it rolled across the country. Everywhere the mayor or a local dignitary solemnly orated that his fellow citizens "were proud that the President had chosen to honor our city with his visit." President Truman, briefed by his advisers, just as solemnly extolled the local merits, such as "the top city in Ohio" (Crestline), or the "great city of Grand Island" (Nebraska), but the mimeographed itinerary given out before the trip began was more coldly accurate. "Stop for twelve minutes to change train crews, ice [for the air-conditioning system], water, inspect brakes," it read. Or, as at Council Bluffs, Iowa, "Brief stop to take train out of automatic-control system."

Whenever the train stopped, the newspapermen puffed to the rear, gathered around the presidential platform with notebooks and pencils and scribbled down every word. They noted the local high-school band struggling through "Hail to the Chief," asked the local policemen for an estimate of the size of the crowd behind the ropes,

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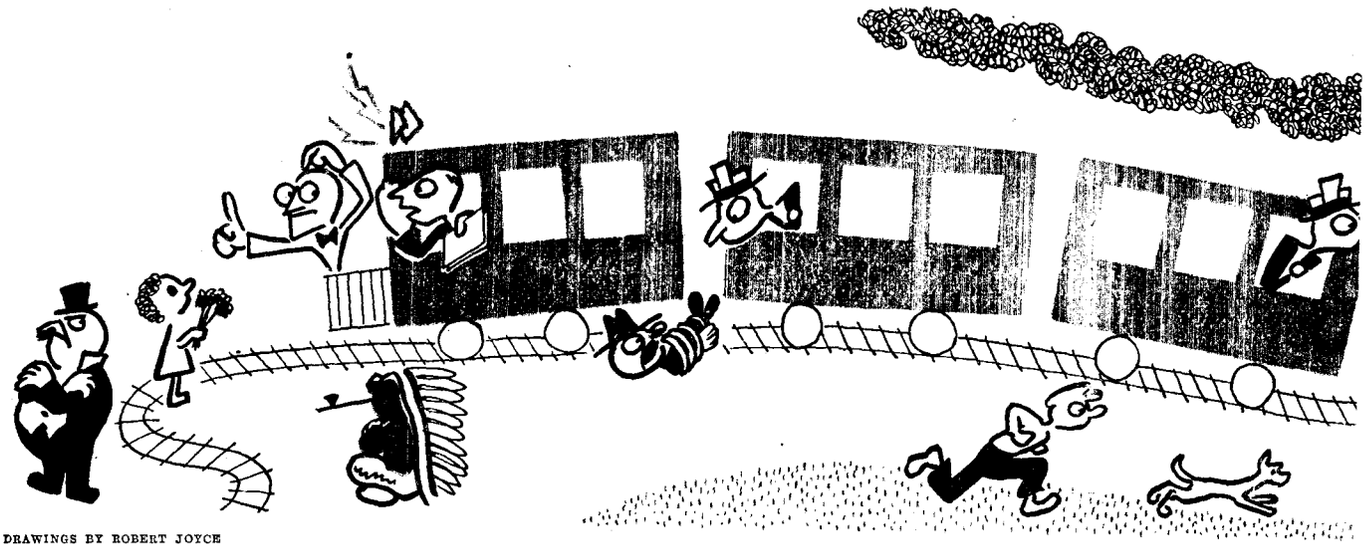

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT JOYCE

then dashed with their stories to men standing around the platform carrying square yellow Western Union placards tacked to long, thin sticks. The local pleasantries usually included a small girl with flowers for the President, and sometimes something special, such as Chief Ed White Buffalo with a peace pipe, but always the local politicians lining up for presidential handshakes and quick looks to see whether the town newspaper photographer got a picture. Then a low rising and falling note would sound over the train's warning siren and we would scramble back to the cars and gather together to interpret.

We were all affected by the powerful symbolism that surrounds any man who holds the presidency of the United States. We felt it when onlookers noticed our round "President's trip" badges and suddenly became quiet and looked at us respectfully. Although we had heard over and over the introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States," there would always be a brief moment of excitement. The feeling seeps into even those newspapermen who have been around the President longest. Like one, walking away from the vastly empty Omaha stadium, who shook his head disgustedly. "All those empty seats," he complained. "It's an insult to the President of the United States."

Part of the weakness of Truman the candidate is that Truman the man doesn't look or sound like a President. We stared up at the mild Midwesterner and squirmed when he muffed his lines. We heard the flat, nasal twang and wanted to turn our heads as he said: "Four million, seven hundred billion." The feeling has nothing to do with politics. It is pride born in the first-grade American-history class and given life in the drama of the White House, the Declaration of Independence and the newsreel glimpses of a familiar figure guarded by Secret Service men.

We looked for the flashing smile, the confident, raised head of Franklin Roosevelt. We remembered that historians have recorded that Warren Harding became President for one simple reason—he looked like a President. Harry Truman, on the other hand, looks like a nice fellow with a face you might pass on Main Street in your home town four or five times in an hour.

I've stood in crowds watching President Truman from Washington to Cheyenne and never heard a vicious comment against him or a deeply felt cheer for him. People wave. He waves back. Local and national pride is aroused. For instance, the entire police force of Kearney, Nebraska, shaved off its beards. They, like the rest of the men in town, had been nursing them along for weeks for the jubilee celebrating the town's birth. When the presidential stop there was announced, off came the police-force whiskers. "It wouldn't look right," one native told me.

Everywhere the crowds were friendly. "Come again, Harry," shouted an official of the Disabled American Veterans in Fort Wayne, Indiana. His words had the ring of a man who would like to drive Harry Truman, a nice fellow, around the town in his 1940 Ford, clap him on the back and bid him a cordial farewell. Whether his vote will be for Candidate Truman is another matter.

The keynote of the presidential tour is found in two words: "Hit Congress." At Fort Wayne it was over the United Nations, ERP and UMT. At Gary the high cost of living. Congressional treatment of displaced persons and the Mundt anti-Communist antics were attacked in Chicago. The note grew sharper in Omaha as he charged that Congress had "considered, studied, weighed and pondered" Administration farm policies. "But Congress has not acted," he snapped. The depth of his mood and intention was revealed in off-the-cuff remarks, as at Grand Island, Nebraska. After being presented with a pair of spurs, he grinned, "With these I can take Congress to town."

The crowds seem to like it. But there was more applause for Harry Truman, a friendly little man, than for Truman the Congress attacker. He made the deepest emotional impression when he spoke simple words extemporaneously, as at Boys Town. The crowds' warmest laughs rewarded personal, unplanned interjections, as at Omaha,

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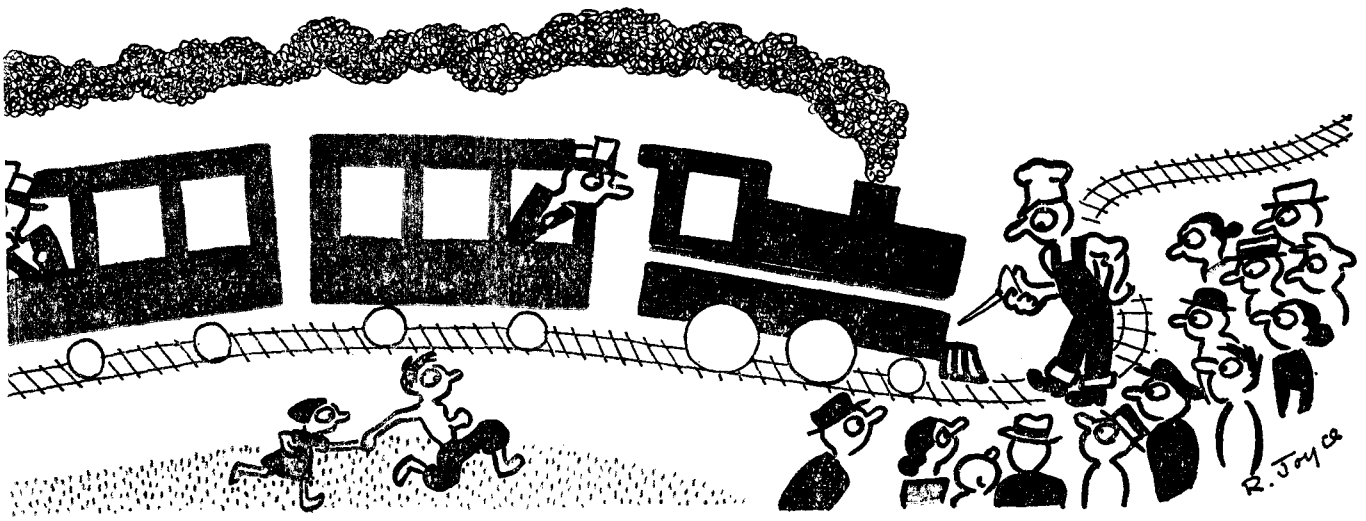

when he looked up and said, "I was in business during the depression of the twenties, and you all know what happened to me."

The speeches he made were liberal and many of the words might have been spoken by Henry Wallace or William Douglas. But they sprang from a background of three years of muddled leadership and contradictory acts. Screened through his spiritless voice and bungling delivery, they seldom conveyed the feeling of sustained, effective purpose.

Behind the curtain of symbolism that drapes any President of the United States is the political operator. The adroit handling of local leaders and the subtle dealing with personalities which marked FDR's effective leadership of his party and Congress were completely missing. At Fort Wayne, Sam Jackson, permanent chairman of the 1944 Democratic Convention, introduced the President, but he wasn't taken along in the presidential car to Chicago. After all the fixing and handshakes in Chicago, Jake Arvey, local Democratic power, still went around telling reporters he hadn't changed his mind about Eisenhower. At Omaha, the President shoved his old friend and former adviser Ed McKim into so much limelight that William Ritchie, Nebraska Democratic chairman, felt snubbed and ignored. The split was official when Ritchie announced publicly that he thought the party needed "a new nominee." The liaison between the presidential group and local party leaders was slipshod. At one Nebraska town, for instance, no party leader and not even his honor, the mayor, turned up at the train. So Truman introduced himself to the crowd.

Reporters speculated, as outside the train windows people stood and waved as we sped by. Editorials in local newspapers read: "We welcome the President," or "Today politics end at the Nebraska state line," or "He made friends here." Correspondents heard a local editor, working for a Republican newspaper, say, "Henry Wallace sentiment is going to be a lot stronger than most people think." They noted that a large Western newspaper recently seemed to be pushing Stassen, that its editor spoke on a national network in favor of Vandenberg and that informed gossip was that the newspaper is really backing Douglas.

The Truman trip was neither a boom nor a bust. Ahead of the presidential tour are the Philadelphia conventions where great events will be packed in a few days. Behind the presidential special there appears to be an America that for the most part has turned its face away from politicians and their appeals. It seems to be a country which could be deeply moved to action, but which has not yet been stirred by anyone active in politics.

The war is over and almost the only reminder is the back-page section of the advertisements, where, if you need one, you can find a 16-foot surplus Army tent for $35. Across the country are piles of seamless steel tubing, busy factories, farmers plowing, smoky cities. In the West the farmers all seem to have shiny new tractors. Modernistic farm-implement stores have sprung up in hamlets. Private planes to carry the farmer and his wife to town stand in many fields under sheds and hangars.

In small-town newspapers you can read that "Mrs. Bramson entertained members of the Shamrock Garden Club at her home Wednesday morning." Or that the businessmen of Alexandria, Indiana, disgusted at the bumpy streets and tired of hearing city officials say there's no money for repairs, "planned to fill the chuck holes themselves, using borrowed city equipment."

The American mood seems to be that election campaigns are an exciting but minor diversion of life in 1948. There seems to be no deep belief that the country is beset by problems which can only be solved by vital, dynamic leadership. Unless international events turn dramatically worse, or some new idea or some new personality takes hold, all indications point toward a placid electorate. And placidity usually adds up to a Republican year.

In the rear of Car 8 of the presidential train as it moved across this America was another Pullman poster. Its words may also prove prophetic for Harry Truman. "I've just been to a convention," it read, "and I'm all tuckered out."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"FACTS ARE BETTER THAN DREAMS"

by James R. Newman

IN VIEW of certain later qualifications I may as well make it quite clear that I enjoyed enormously the opening volume of Winston Churchill's latest memoirs. Of all the statesmen, diplomats, generals, admirals and politicians who figured in the history of the last quarter-century and are now marketing their reminiscences, Churchill is easily the most colorful, the most illustrious and the most literary. In *The Gathering Storm* (Houghton Mifflin; $6), the first instalment of *The Second World War,* he seizes the almost unparalleled opportunity to describe a mighty drama from the triple vantage point of actor, co-author and critic.

This act of the drama extends from the days of Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald to the 10th of May in 1940 when Churchill was summoned at six o'clock to Buckingham Palace, taken immediately to the King and became a party to the following episode: "His Majesty received me most graciously and bade me sit down. He looked at me searchingly and quizzically for some moments and then said: 'I suppose you don't know why I have sent for you?' Adopting his mood, I replied: 'Sir, I simply couldn't imagine why.' He laughed and said: 'I want to ask you to form a government.' I said I would certainly do so."

Thus he acquired the chief power in the state, a power he wielded for more than five years, until, as he says, all the enemies having unconditionally surrendered or being about to do so, he was "immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs."

This work of history manifests to an unusual degree the traits of its author. His courage, resolution, farsightedness, conservatism and stubbornness, the amazing fertility of his mind, his self-identification with Britain's past and with his own distinguished ancestor, and, above everything, his immense self-confidence, color every page. Churchill indulges us too infrequently in details which would show us the inner man. These are no confessions—if, indeed, Winston Churchill ever felt he had anything to confess. Still, the self-portrait has been drawn, unintentionally perhaps, yet faithfully, exhibiting the subject in all its virtues and foibles.

This is also history seen from the apex of the pyramid, a vast, spacious, magnificent conspectus. At that altitude the air is clear and the eye may reach in all directions to the horizon. The angle of vision, however, is restricted. What takes place immediately below, the base and shape of the pyramid itself, the movement of smaller figures, however numerous, on the surrounding terrain, are either out of sight or can be discerned only dimly. The comparison is not, I think, inappropriate. Churchill is not concerned with the mass of men.

We may be grateful for what we have: a rich, lucid, absorbing account of great events and persons, told by a master in the tradition of Froude, Macaulay and Gibbon.

It is replete with apt anecdotes, ironical commentary, brilliant miniatures of persons and scenes, superb descriptions of land and naval battles, illuminating accounts of high-level British politics, a comprehensive survey of a decade of international shenanigans, scathing indictments of states and statesmen for individual and collective stupidity, cowardice and criminality. It is the "union of intellectual qualities which formed the real secret of his strength—the combination in one and the same man of literary power, historical learning and practical familiarity with the conduct of great affairs." This was said of Macaulay by his biographer Trevelyan; it is equally applicable to Winston Churchill.

The importance of the work—what has already appeared and what is yet promised—is threefold. Churchill has discovered and imparts materials hitherto concealed. There are new insights into British politics; German and Italian affairs; the relations between Hitler and his generals; the Roehm plot; the army's later plan to arrest Hitler at the time of Munich—only forestalled the very afternoon of its intended consummation by Neville Chamberlain's third frantic appeasement flight to Berchtesgaden; the plot to overthrow Stalin and the 1936 Soviet purge ("merciless, but perhaps not needless"); the awful cowardice and perfidy of the leaders of France; the desperate and repeated efforts of Russia to promote an alliance against Hitler (the "disdain" accorded to Stalin left "a mark on his mind"); the woeful unpreparedness of Britain ("frothing pious platitudes while foemen forged their arms"); the shameless phoniness of the phony war (the French principle was, "Don't be unkind to the enemy you will only make him angry"); the incompetence and ineffable hypocrisy of Chamberlain (glaringly apparent despite Churchill's magnanimity); the Narvik and Trondheim fiasco; the frustrations of the War Cabinet and the failure of Franco-British coöperation ("the British and the French cabinets at this time presented a front of two overripe melons crushed together; whereas what was needed was a gleam of steel"); and a host of other episodes, mostly somber, of the "locust years." The great expectations of the average reader, and even the more modest anticipations of historians, will not, I venture to say, be disappointed.

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Churchill's second major achievement is the skillful arrangement of a huge, disordered heap of tiles so that each is allotted its place and all together form a coherent design at once comprehensible and tremendously effective. Take, for example, the description of Munich and Churchill's judgment on whether the "breathing space" won by Chamberlain had offset, even in the practical sphere, the loss sustained by France and Britain through the Nazi annexation of Czechoslovakia. The narrative of the tragic events themselves is excellent.

Churchill has the same remarkable power of recreating the past, of reawakening its hopes and fears, as do the great novelists whose works may be reread with absorption and excitement even though the climax of each plot is already known.

This is his summation of the situation in 1938:

> Look back and see what we had successively accepted or thrown away: a Germany disarmed by solemn treaty; a Germany rearmed in violation of a solemn treaty; air superiority or even air parity cast away; the Rhineland forcibly occupied and the Siegfried Line built or building; the Berlin-Rome Axis established; Austria devoured and digested by the Reich; Czechoslovakia deserted and ruined by the Munich Pact; its fortress line in German hands; its mighty arsenal of Skoda henceforward making munitions for the German armies; President Roosevelt's effort to stabilize or bring to a head the European situation by the intervention of the United States waved aside with one hand, and Soviet Russia's undoubted willingness to join the Western Powers and go all lengths to save Czechoslovakia ignored on the other; the services of thirty-five Czech divisions against the still unripened German Army cast away, when Great Britain could herself supply only two to strengthen the front in France—all gone with the wind.

Finally the book gives complete, meticulously documented proof of Churchill's prescient and resolute role during the years of the gathering storm. For seven years, as the power of France and Britain crumbled, as Germany rearmed and prepared for larger prey by swallowing the smaller nations, his was the leading but forlorn voice of admonishment, exhortation and warning. Month after month he rose in Parliament to state the grim facts as he knew them, to plead for collective security, support of the League, sensible reforms in foreign policy, including a rapprochement with Russia, the building of an air force and the general rehabilitation of Britain's defenses. The record of this period alone assures his stature.

The whole of the book is delivered in Churchill's elegant, sonorous, copious and self-revealing style. With all its peculiarities, it is a formidable instrument. Short, strong, uncomplicated declarative sentences are its staple. Qualifying words or phrases are held to a minimum. The polysyllable of Latin or Greek origin is preferred—yet Churchill's prose manages to survive. His descriptive powers, the sensitivity and vividness of his imagery, are notable. (Molotov has a "cannon ball head," "slab face" and a "smile of Siberian winter." London as a bombing target is a "kind of tremendous, fat, valuable cow tied up to attract the beast of prey.") His lord-of-the-manor attitude is hardly subtle. (People generally are the "humble masses"; workers, "sturdy wage earners.")

His humor, malice and irony are delightful. At one party, "the Ribbentrops lingered on so that most of us made our excuses and our way home. Eventually I suppose they left. This was the last time I saw Herr von Ribbentrop before he was hanged." During the first London air raid "we made our way to the shelter assigned to us, armed with a bottle of brandy and other appropriate medical comforts." Even when Churchill is pompous and disporting himself in rolling perorations and rhetorical periods, he is no bore. And, in Samuel Johnson's words, he "knows how to write even trifles with dignity."

Beyond every other consideration, what most sharply cuts across my mind

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is Churchill's massive, monolithic self-assurance so perfectly evinced in the concluding paragraph:

During these last crowded days of the political crisis, my pulse had not quickened at any moment. I took it all as it came. But I cannot conceal from the reader of this truthful account that as I went to bed at about 3 a.m., I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. A last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. Eleven years in the political wilderness had freed me from ordinary party antagonisms. My warnings over the last six years had been so numerous, so detailed, and were now so terribly vindicated, that no one could gainsay me. I could not be reproached either for making the war or with want of preparation for it. I thought I knew a good deal about it all, and I was sure I should not fail. Therefore, although impatient for the morning, I slept soundly and had no need for cheering dreams. Facts are better than dreams.

These are the memoirs of a man both peculiarly accommodated to the twentieth century and a prototype of the eighteenth. His superficial concern with social factors, his failure to comprehend economic factors, his preoccupation with nationalism and empire, his overemphasis on armed force and on the classical soldierly virtues as essentially the means of combating the evil of the times, make him an anachronism. The same prejudices, unfortunately, also make him a modern.

HOPE FROM THE SOUTH

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT, by Ellis Gibbs Arnall (J. B. Lippincott Company; $3.50).

WHEN ELLIS ARNALL was on one of his own nationwide lecture tours, he overheard a stranger say of him: "He's not a profound man, just straightforward and sincere." The ex-Governor of Georgia, who took the remark as a compliment, reveals just those qualities in his new book. *What the People Want* is at once his *Inside USA* and his *One World,* although in this case, it is *One Nation.* "I found all over America," he writes, after a trip that took him through 47 of the states, ". . . people are alike. They have the same hopes, ambitions and aspirations. They have the same problems, the same fears. Their minds seem centered on some topics that I am listing without any reference to the order of their importance: education, health, housing, the cost of living, jobs, taxation, monopoly, individual freedom, equal rights, racial and religious tolerance, the unity of our common country, and peace."

Arnall's book is a personal report on America by an authentic liberal who, unhappy at what he considers the vagaries of the liberal mind, prefers to call himself a "libertarian."

As Wendell Willkie's story of his journey about the wartime world had for its main value the account of a politician growing into a statesman, so Ellis Gibbs Arnall's book on his travels through a postwar nation finds its chief distinction in the self-portrait of a growing Southern progressive. As such it is an attractive work, portraying a personality and intellect of engaging temper and true liberalism.

Curiously enough, the attitude of a political leader today toward Henry Wallace has become a test of liberalism, and Arnall passes it triumphantly. The former Governor is not an uncritical Wallace admirer, indeed he can be unfair to him, as when he says scornfully that "today many Americans of the Henry Wallace philosophy appear to assume that there is no choice our country can make except the expansion by force of communism or the alliance of the United States with violent reaction throughout the world." That, to say the least, is an oversimplification of the position.

But for all his disagreement with Wallace on foreign policy, Arnall never falls into the popular political attitude of sneering at the former Vice President. Summing him up, Arnall writes of Wallace:

He is a pamphleteer of parts and an author of distinction. He is one of the greatest empirical scientists of our time, who has contributed more, probably, to the actual wealth of the grain states than any other man in this generation. He is an astute businessman. He demonstrated in the Cabinet that he was a competent administrator. He is generous, humane, unresentful, without malice; but wherever he goes there is a fight.

Arnall is as shrewd and arresting when he contemplates other public men. For example, he refutes the general impression that the late George W. Norris, because he opposed the Treaty of Versailles, was an "isolationist" of the caliber of Lodge:

His speech examining the British and American repudiation of obligations to China in turning over the Shantung Peninsula to the Japanese for exploitation, ranks with Sumner's denunciation of the Grant Administration's plundering in the Caribbean and with Bacon's solemn rebuke against our whole ignoble Philippine policy. He uttered a warning against the inevitability of a clash with Japanese imperialism then that Americans should have heeded.

Arnall's verdicts are by no means all tributes. He is particularly critical of Andrew Mellon and Herbert Hoover, and it may be added that he is at least extremely sparing of praise when he talks of Truman. Of today's Republicans he has the most admiration for Senator Aiken of Vermont, and he shows a certain tenderness for Senator Taft as an intelligent conservative. Indeed, one of his chief regrets is that so few American conservatives evince the ability and integrity he sees in Taft.

Just what inward compulsion forces conservatives to string along with the lunatic fringe of reaction [he writes], is a political mystery in America. Of the conservative Presidents chosen by the nation, only three, John Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes and Benjamin Harrison, widely spaced in American history, can be described as first-rate political figures or as responsible statesmen. Instinctively, the American conservative seems to prefer his Grants, his Blaines, his McKinleys, his Coolidges, his Hoovers.

Occasionally Arnall's verdicts contain what looks like a touch of optimistic naïveté, as when he calls the University of Texas "a great liberal institution"; when he deprecates the growth of thought-control hysteria in this country, or when he seems to feel

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that atomic energy in the US is safely under permanent civilian jurisdiction.

In the main, however, he is a wise and realistic observer. For example, he notes that Roosevelt's two apparently unsuccessful forays—the Supreme Court "packing" and the 1938 "purge" directed against reactionary Democrats —were battles that attained their ultimate aim of inducing better treatment for New Deal legislation in both Court and Congress. It was a victory that the presumably realistic Jim Farley could not understand.

The Achilles' heel of a Southern liberal is his attitude toward race problems and toward outside criticism of the South. Arnall would like to avoid the Negro issue, but what he does have to say is progressive and decently understanding. If he tends, uncharacteristically, to be angry about Northern "cocktail liberals" who object to things in the South while ignoring injustices in their own neighborhoods, he is also critical of fellow Southerners who resent outside censure. America, he says, belongs to us all, and Northerners have the right to denounce intolerance in Mississippi, just as he has the right to object to it in Boston.

What the People Want reveals Ellis Gibbs Arnall as one of the genuine hopes of American liberalism.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

GOALS OF CRITICISM

THE ARMED VISION, by Stanley Edgar Hyman (Alfred A. Knopf; $5).

CRITICISM: The Foundations of Modern Literary Judgment. Edited by Mark Schorer, Josephine Miles, Gordon McKenzie (Harcourt, Brace and Company, $7.50; textbook edition, $5).

T. S. ELIOT: A Selected Critique. Edited by Leonard Unger (Rinehart and Company; $5).

MODERN LITERARY CRITICISM Stanley Hyman summarizes as "the organized use of non-literary techniques and bodies of knowledge to obtain insight into literature." Disciplines familiarly employed are semantics, psychoanalysis, anthropology and folklore. According to Hyman, "One of the principal implications of modern criticism is its development toward a science," and in his study of representative modern critics he hopes to facilitate the development by integrating their methods into a system.

It is true that in our time literary criticism has shifted increasingly from its ancillary relationship to literature toward an independent position. The simplest evidence of this is the extent to which criticism has become the object of its own concern. But as "insight" is a primary aim of criticism, and as the inevitable human element of sensibility is variable as language itself, criticism's "development" is not likely to get beyond the establishment of techniques. And the purpose and value of these techniques are themselves continually disputed and even mutually exclusive. The first reason why criticism cannot develop into a science is inherent in its purpose and its tools; criticism, whether literary or any other kind, is not a science but an art, and any approach which denies or overlooks this is sterile, when not altogether meaningless.

Despite this questionable aim of integration (really only suggested) and despite his arbitrary evaluation of certain critics (admittedly personal), the book is valuable in its modest primary purpose of demonstrating the methods of contemporary critics and of relating them through their common intentions. In this sense, the book is informative rather than critical.

The value of the other two books reviewed here is even more incidental to their avowed purposes. Both are anthologies: the Schorer-Miles-McKenzie volume a selection from almost every contemporary critic of any reputation; and the Unger book an equally extensive estimate of T. S. Eliot's poetry and criticism. Considered thus merely as packages, these volumes are excellent bargains.

The most obvious flaws in *Criticism* are caused by the extent to which the editorial purposes of the book dictate its selections and omissions. The entries are arranged under the headings of Source, Form, and End, by which the editors claim to answer the questions of permanent interest to the critic: "Where art comes from, how it becomes what it is, and what it does." The editors admit that "our categories are forms of emphasis, not mutually exclusive forms of understanding and judgment."

Up to that point, their categories are valid, certainly. But they add: "We are concerned with a broad representation of critical positions rather than with an exact representation of any individual's writing," and on that basis their selections are often admittedly outside the main interests of the critic quoted, and are occasionally simply from inferior work. What these "critical positions" may be, outside the specific practice of the critic, I don't know. The categories which the editors have seen fit to impose on their selections are not positions. On the other hand, representation of the various practical positions current (such as Hyman has outlined) would certainly include the work of F. R. Leavis.

If the third title considered here suggests a symposium on T. S. Eliot, that is a mistake. It is a collection of articles, some already celebrated, published at different times by different critics. There is an inevitable overlapping; also, many points that would be included in a comprehensive survey of Eliot's work are not touched upon. These deficiencies are not the fault of the editor. Unger has made good use of material available.

But whatever the book is *not*, it is certainly a tribute to Eliot's *reputation*. In one of the essays, Paul Elmer More says, "The fact of Eliot's reputation is indisputable. But if one asks the reason for it, the answer is not so quickly at hand." One obvious reason should be very quickly at hand in Eliot's *Collected Poems* and in the subsequent *Four Quartets*. In addition to the great value of these volumes as poetry, they have been the most forceful single influence on men writing verse since the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

Another reason for Eliot's reputation (including much evidence of it) is present in this volume. The variety

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and extent of critical response to his work have been tremendous. That response has been far from unanimously enthusiastic. Yvor Winters, for example, has added to his list of fantastic dicta the charge that Eliot's "theory and influence" have been "the most dangerous and nearly the least defensible of our time."

Eliot's work as poet and critic has served as a kind of test for other writers. I don't mean, of course, a test of value, but in the sense indicated (although a bit extravagantly) by Leonard Unger in his introduction: "There is scarcely an area of intellectual and literary opinion in which Eliot has not served as a subject of discussion and as a point of reference for the formulation of characteristic attitudes." In this sense, these essays reveal the critics themselves and serve the same kind of purpose as the other two.

It should be added that not the least feature of all three books is their excellent bibliographies. JOHN FARRELLY

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The Book of the Lion, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart; $2). The purported discovery of an almost legendary Chaucer manuscript involves Henry Gamadge in one of his most complicated gambits. With his customary adroitness he sidesteps red herrings and exposes a shrewd killer.

The Mouse with Red Eyes, by Elizabeth Eastman (Farrar, Straus; $2.75), is a fairly compelling study in terror. Young Alexandra Hubbell, Vermont-bred and ordinarily a pretty sensible type, has to battle her unconscious to bring to the surface the buried but excellent reason why she is scared to death of her charming fiancé.

Murder Miscellany. Two recent novels that lean heavily on psychiatry with better than average results are Doris Miles Disney's *That Which Is Crooked* (Crime Club; $2) and Ernest Borneman's *Tremolo* (Harper; $2.50). Both deal with complicated family relationships and handle their situations and malefactors with considerable originality. E. H.

MUSIC: A New Opera and Some New Records

THE BEST NEW OPERA of the year came as a post-season surprise, after our staid musical institutions had shuttered their doors and windows for the summer. In the basement of a Presbyterian church in Greenwich Village, an enterprising group known as the Lemonade Opera is now giving the first American performances of Serge Prokofieff's "The Duenna," a comic opera composed before the war to a libretto based on Sheridan's play.

In a style which makes no graver demands on the listener than "Peter and the Wolf," "The Duenna" bubbles its way through three acts of ebullient, breezy music. The youngsters of the Lemonade Opera have outwitted the confinement of their tiny stage by volatile and imaginative stage direction and blithe decors and costumes.

Prokofieff's score has no air of false importance, though it bears marks of technical mastery and spontaneous inspiration. It makes no pretense of novelty in either form or substance. But its supply of rhythmic life and melody never runs dry, and the harmony, though familiar, is full of piquant turns and twists. Prokofieff's theatre sense is unfailing, too. He does not hesitate to draw on the light devices of operetta, as in the second-act finale, which is dominated by the raucous blarings of an out-of-tune amateur cornetist at a wedding party. To find an equally adroit operatic farce you will have to look back a generation and more to Ibert's "Angelique" and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi."

Another opera has made its way onto records—a Metropolitan Opera performance of Puccini's "La Boheme" (Columbia MOP 27, 2 volumes, boxed, with libretto, $19.95). The publicity claims that the opera was "recorded at the famous opera house exactly as it is performed there," and the claim is correct in both its favorable and its unfavorable aspects. The recording is well engineered, with admirable balance between orchestra and singers, faithful reproduction of the textures of the various voices, and a good sense of acoustical perspective in the passages sung offstage.

The conducting of Giuseppe Antonicelli is exactly as mediocre as it is at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the deficiencies of some of the artists are faithfully revealed. The weariness of Bidu Sayao's lovely voice—a chronic state nowadays—mars her work in the first two acts, but the last two are deeply affecting. The one consistently grade-A performance is that of Richard Tucker in the role of Rodolfo; you may as well become acquainted with Tucker's name, for he has pushed up into the top rank of American tenors in the past year.

RCA Victor and Columbia are competing with each other with the Brahms "German Requiem." The RCA Victor version has just appeared (DM 1236, $12.25; on a non-breakable plastic, DV 20, $19). You'd better wait a month for Columbia's Viennese recording before making a purchase, for I cannot recommend the results of Robert Shaw's labors for Victor. Despite the pains apparently taken to secure a good acoustical recording, large portions of the "Requiem" are unbalanced and lacking in clarity. The orchestra often relegates the chorus to an impotent second position, and many contrapuntal lines are blurred.

All this could be partly forgiven, if Shaw were not so cold to the musical requirements of the work. The melodies must exfoliate, climaxes must spread and broaden, cadences must settle peacefully to rest, the tone quality must reflect the warm humanism of the text. Shaw conducts most of it with horrifying contemporary efficiency. Eleanor Steber does nicely with the long-lined soprano solo, in a factual kind of way, but James Pease fails to measure up to the challenge of the baritone solos. The orchestra plays

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crudely and without much eloquence, though the individual players are obviously good ones. The Columbia "Requiem" could not possibly be further from the mood of Brahms.

In contrast, RCA Victor's fat album of excerpts from Tschaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" ballet (DM 1205, $8.75) is an engineering triumph. Leopold Stokowski divided his hand-picked orchestra into four separate groups in the studio, and used a multiple-pickup system to produce the most brilliant, lifelike orchestral tone yet achieved on any American recording. The music ranges from familiar items like the Waltz and the "Bluebird" Variation to various little known passages, and Stokowski deals handsomely with it all.

CECIL SMITH

RADIO-TELEVISION: Action Speaks Louder

THE GOP'S CHOICE of "The Man Who" will not be known for a week or so, but the winner is in as far as television is concerned.

He had competition of sorts. A pair of late starters were Fred Allen and the new lower-case celebrity, eden ahbez. Allen came from his Alley, and the composer of "Nature Boy" from his sleeping bag in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, to join CBS in television's first effort to focus cameras on radio's "We The People." On the basis of this try, they need fear no draft.

In the race earlier, and still running, is a character known to viewers along NBC's Eastern television network as Howdy Doody. He has been campaigning for the presidency for several months now and has made progress. I know personally several seven-year-olds who wear his button. But since none of these citizens will be eligible to cast a presidential ballot until 1964, Doody is doomed to continue for some time as star on NBC video's amusing kid show. These defections put it up to Stassen, who appeared recently on the CBS "Presidential Timber" program.

I was impressed by Stassen's performance. It's worth noting that this half-hour show was produced by television experts from Young and Rubicam. The same ad agency handled the Allen-ahbez appearance—a commercial show on which you would expect talented production. It was a fiasco. Stassen's—from the viewpoint of propaganda—was spectacular.

With "Presidential Timber," television demonstrated genuine power—for good or evil. Sound-plus-sight-plus-motion gives television its potential effect, and when used as it was by the Stassen producers, the medium becomes almost completely persuasive.

Ten days after the Stassen program, I heard Henry A. Wallace on NBC's "Living: 1948," which has been given over for a few weeks to the showcasing of presidential aspirants. Wallace was at his best. NBC did a fine, brief biographical sketch of the New Party leader, after which the candidate spoke for about 20 minutes. He dealt with many of the subjects touched on by Stassen via television. But here you had only the man's voice to lean on.

Both candidates spoke of peace and of housing, of social security and the needs of the people. In Wallace's case, you either accepted his words or you didn't. Stassen backed what he said with pictures. Often, these pictures—motion pictures—had only tangential contact with the speech. When Stassen mentioned housing for veterans, the film strip showed lovely homes contrasted with slums. He did not snarl when he mentioned labor, but a flash of John L. Lewis' jowls, or pickets fighting scabs, or national guardsmen patrolling a plant, punctuated Stassen's logic on the rights of labor being bound up with the Taft-Hartley Act. Russia was mentioned with no threat in the voice, but here, too, the films said what the words omitted.

The day Wallace was on "Living: 1948" I had taken time to listen,

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earlier, to Samuel B. Pettengill, "The Gentleman from Indiana," who orates over the ABC network. Pettengill, using only words, was obviously ridiculous when he declared solemnly that the death of the OPA has not brought higher prices, and that the HCL is only a "statistical illusion." With television, he might have made even his brand of nonsense stick.

Wallace will have his crack at "Presidential Timber" on July 1. The Y&R boys are not working for him. But he, too, has talent on his side. It will be interesting to see how good it is at television.

Mutual has a new audience-participation show, Sundays at 5:30, called "What Makes You Tick?" The guests —who are sure to get at least an expensive watch for their help—submit to some amateurish psychological dissection. To impress the "analysis" angle upon radio editors, the network's publicity people sent around a questionnaire about radio. I pass most of the questions on to you:

1. Do singing commercials annoy you?
2. Do you think radio lacks educational values, generally?
3. Does radio lack public-service values?
4. Is radio comedy inferior to that of the legitimate stage?
5. Does radio use too many clichés?
6. Do you believe that radio is aimed at the much-publicized 12-year-old mentality?
7. Do you think radio lacks originality?
8. Does radio cater too much to the taste of the sponsors?
9. Do you ever believe radio has lost its pioneer spirit?

They asked for it. SAUL CARSON

THEATRE: A Dying Sound

THE REVIEWS I read of "The Insect Comedy," the final production of the City Center's six-week season of plays, did not seem to me to convey the nature of the event. They expressed disappointment or faint disapproval of the play and respect for the smoothness with which a rather difficult production had been managed after only two weeks of rehearsal. They omitted to note that the first-night audience was unusually enthusiastic. Nor did they stop to consider why.

"The Insect Comedy," by the Czech writers Josef and Karel Capek, was first given here in 1922 under the title of "The World We Live In." It is a pessimistic allegory in which man, presented through a parallel with insect life, is shown as trivial in his love, paltry in his ambition, predatory and rapacious in his social life. The climax of man's struggle is internecine strife, its sum undesired and meaningless death.

Set down this way the play becomes absurd, not because it can be proved false but because it contains the kind of truth that can contribute to nothing except suicide. But "The Insect Comedy" is only partially absurd. There are, it is true, besides moments of sardonic humor, passages in which a kind of Germanic philosophizing is boiled in the heat of that hysteria which prevailed in Central Europe right after the First World War. It represents the combination of despair and fury without any foundation in specific social understanding that inevitably paves the way to another war. The play is nevertheless justified by the fact that it does reflect an atmosphere created by a painfully real historical situation.

The other aspect of the play's significance is that it was written at a time when the Central European theatre was booming with blazing dramatic experiments. It was the time of the theatre theatrical, when plays were scored for the full orchestra of the stage's means: variety of costume, decor, dance, music, characterization. Thus the sting of the play's spleen

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was sweetened by the glamor of the theatre's magic. The mixture was typical of the twenties, and New York as well as Berlin, Budapest and Prague enjoyed the brew.

Our theatre is now physically impoverished: color and imaginative dimension are relegated either to musical comedy or to essays in Shakespeare. The audiences at the City Center are gratified to see in a straight play something that has a colorful look. It hungers for some of the display and festiveness which our one-set naturalistic drama has all but banished from the theatre. "The Insect Comedy" is a sight for sore eyes.

The audience, in addition, lends a benign intent to the play's rage: it regards it as an anti-war play. I always worry when I see such a play; it is generally followed by a war. But today when anti-war propaganda is almost suspect in many quarters, the good audience at the City Center is to be congratulated on its humane and mildly defiant sentiments.

The production of "The Insect Comedy" is like the reduction of a big score to the range of a harmonica. In this instance, the effect is rather sweet. There is a winning youngness and cordiality about the show.

José Ferrer is amusing when he doesn't act too coquettishly. George Colouris is at his best when he avoids the rhetorical and discloses the sense of pity within the play instead of yielding to the temptations of the playwright's journalistic declamation. The leading butterflies of the first act are played by two very pretty girls: Rita Gam and Phyllis Hill. Annabelle Lyon, as a Female Cricket, strikes a genuine note of chirping poetry. The direction is proficient, but longer pre-rehearsal preparation might have led the director to further invention with which to give the production more body.

The melancholy fact about the musical play, "Sleepy Hollow," is that the word "almost" will have to serve as its epitaph. It is by no means repre-

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IV. Summer, 1939: The German-Soviet pact explained, Russia acting to save its own skin—Benes's interview with Soviet ambassador in London indicates Moscow's desire for neutrality—Communist belief that warring nations would be exhausted, permitting social revolution—Soviet-Finnish war. May 15, 1941: Hitler's dilemma and his decision to attack Russia—Benes reports to Churchill.

V. May 12, 1943: United States enters World War II—Pre-war "appeasers" in the United States government—Benes's second interview with Roosevelt: skepticism about France and De Gaulle, views of Sumner Welles and Harry Hopkins.

VI. Winter, 1943: Proposal for a treaty between Czechoslovak government-in-exile and the Soviet Union and its reception in Washington and London—Churchill and Eden on relations with Russia—The Teheran conference—Benes signs treaty in Moscow, discusses Moscow terms with Churchill—Russia promises non-interference in domestic affairs of Poland and Czechoslovakia—Benes warns two systems must make adjustments or face a violent reckoning.

Beginning This Week
Exclusively in
THE *Nation*

THE NATION has obtained exclusive magazine serial rights to the Memoirs of Eduard Benes and has selected for publication a section covering two crucial decades in the history of the Czechoslovak Republic. During the world-shaking events of this period Czechoslovak foreign policy was one of the principal storm centers.

In the chapters chosen—to be printed slightly abridged in six instalments—Dr. Benes lifts the curtain on the diplomatic maneuvers of the European powers from the time of the Germans' first efforts to revise the Versailles treaty to the end of 1943, when the exiled President of Czechoslovakia signed a treaty with the Soviet Union.

He draws revealing portraits of Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Nazi bigwigs, and a host of lesser figures.

As a temperate though unsparing account of many public and secret negtiations affecting Europe and the world, the Benes story is as important as the Churchill memoirs for an understanding of the period covered. The need for adjustment between the Western powers and the Soviet Union is a recurring theme. After the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia the dilemma of President Benes seemed a dramatic illustration of the whole European situation. He solved his own problem by his resignation from office.

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hensible, but its pleasures are never consummated. Some of Anna Sokolow's dance numbers—particularly the "Couple Dance"—have a lean eccentricity that almost creates a style for the production. Gil Lamb as Ichabod Crane possesses such a style without quite mastering it. He has a strangely pliant body, a sad, sour and somehow friendly face with interesting reserves of quality that might be put to exciting theatrical use. And what is true of him is true of the rest. Everyone gives signs of being capable of offering more than he does. The lack of a strong creative hand at the helm seems to have done the show a fatal disservice.

With "Sleepy Hollow," the 1947-48 Broadway season "officially" ends. The nature of this production's failings is an oblique comment on the state of our theatre today.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES

Nothing to It

ORSON WELLES has rigged up some fancy tricks in "The Lady from Shanghai" to support a paralytic story. His effects are bizarre but not very original, his characters are creepy in a fairly obvious way, his camera is still strong and willing to experiment. He gives himself nothing to work with.

The lovers meet in front of a tank of octopuses, the killings take place in an abandoned hall of distorting mirrors, one villain hobbles on crutches and takes pills to "kill the pain," his partner talks in a chorus-girl falsetto and giggles at his own evil; there's a yacht, a courtroom, a Chinatown theatre, a picnic in a swamp full of reptiles, a wild night in Barranquilla.

This is what it all comes to: A wants B to pretend to murder him so that (he says) he can disappear, but really A plans to murder C at the request of D, only by error he murders E first and then D has to murder A and try to pin it on B. It is very confusing and very unimportant and very pretentious.

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tious, with Welles mouthing homilies in a new Irish brogue and Rita Hayworth just at the point of bursting into flame.

"Portrait of Innocence" (*"Nous les Gosses"*) is a continuation of the French cinema's memorable work with children. "Generals without Buttons" is the film it will most sharply recall and, so far as the children are concerned, it is almost as good.

The disappointments in "Portrait of Innocence" are the fault of the adults who have worked their way into the picture. They slow it up, blur its impressions, introduce motives and ways of behavior that mean little to children —in short, destroy the innocence. In the directing there are scenes (in particular an elaborate make-believe mail-coach holdup) in which the children are less acting themselves than patiently behaving as grown-ups imagine they should. They occasionally have that look of resigned suffering that you find in sensible 10-year-olds confronted with the impertinent and meaningless questionings of their elders.

It is disappointing, though not surprising in the circumstances, that the first German-made film, "Razzia," should duck responsibility and take refuge in melodrama. The black market, with which the film deals, is true enough a real German problem, but it is not one that involves nice ethical thinking or raises awkward political implications.

On its own terms, the film is good. It has pace and style and some arresting characterizations. A scene of adolescent hangers-on in a black-market café comes close to being powerful reporting. There is little about "Razzia" to suggest that Pabst, Lang or von Sternberg ever lived in Germany, but it is nevertheless a more than competent thriller.

Although the film was made in the old UFA studios in the Russian sector of Berlin, it is politically so harmless that my Geiger counter never ticked once.

ROBERT HATCH

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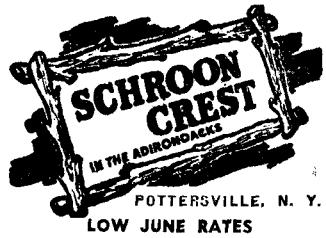

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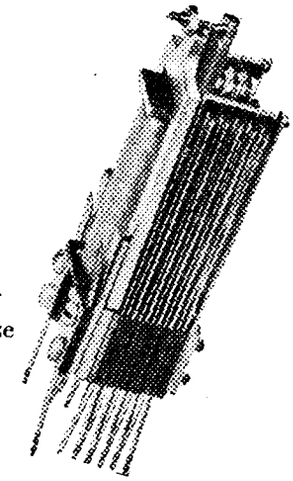

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